

# ARGALUS

*Puttenham*  
AND

## PARTHENIA.

---

Written by

FRA. QUARLES.

---



7

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Redmayne, for Thomas  
Rooks at the Lamb and Ink bottle  
in Threadneedle-street.

MDCLXXI.

11626 aa 10

6118 a 19



for 2 working  
 of leather Ch  
 for 2 working of  
 blackwork  
 for 2 working of  
 leather Ch

2



known  
 (1) commands should be  
 known:  
 And therefore  
 To view the

RECEIVED



*The Mind of the Frontispiece.*

**R** Eader, behind this Silken Front'spiece  
lies  
The Argument of our Book ; which to your  
eyes  
Our Muse ( for serious causes , and best  
known  
Unto her self ) commands should be un-  
shown :  
And therefore, to that end she hath thought  
fit  
To draw this Curtain 'twixt your eye and  
it.



# ARGALUS

*Puttenham*  
AND

## PARTHENIA.

---

Written by

FRA. QUARLES.

---



7

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Redmayne, for Thomas  
Rooks at the Lamb and Ink bottle  
in Threadneedle-street.

MDCLXXI.

ARGENTUS

AND

PARTITION

PRY COPIES



LONDON

Printed by J. Richardson for Thomas  
Newgate the Printer and Book Seller  
in Strand Street from

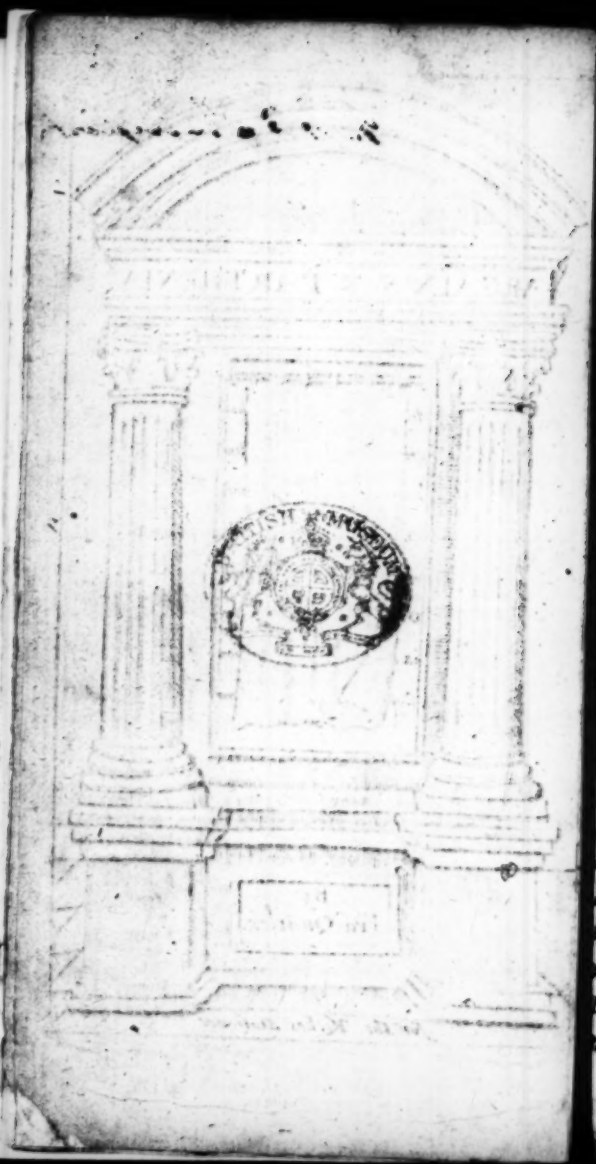
MDCCLXXI

ARGALVS & PARTHENIA



By  
Fm: Quares.

For Tho: Roper Stationer



o  
m  
in  
L  
v  
d  
a  
en  
it  
on  
br  
to  
ba  
te  
wh  
Dij  
ma

# To the Reader.

READER,

**H**Present thee here with an History  
of Argalus and Parthenia, the  
fruits of broken hours. It was a  
Cions taken out of the Orchard  
of Sir Philip Sidney, of precious memory,  
which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-stock,  
in mine own. It hath brought forth many  
Leaves, and promises pleasing Fruit, if male-  
volent eyes blast it not in the bud. This Book  
differs from my former, as a Courtier, from  
a Church-man: But if any think it unfit for  
one to play both parts, I have presidents for  
it; and let such know, that I have taken but  
one play-day in six: However, I should be-  
shew that hand that binds them all together  
to make one Volume. In this Discourse, I  
have not affected to set thy understanding on  
the Rack, by the Tyranny of Strong Lines,  
which (as they fabulously reports of China  
Dishes) are made for the third Generation to  
make use of, and are the meer itch of wit.

## To the Reader.

Under the colour of which, many have ventured (trusting to the Oedipean conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write non sense, and feloniously father the created expositions of other men; not unlike some Painters, who first make the Picture, then from the opinion of better judgments, conclude whom it resembles. These Lines are strong enough for my purpose: If not for them, yet read them; and yet understandings may be magnified by their weakness. Reader, thou shalt in the progress of this Story, meet with a seeming Solecism, which is this: Demagora his son found a deed perpetrated upon the fair Parthenia, is fully exprest; and yet, the revenge thereof past over in silence, wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjustly. When Prometheus stole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial Bodies, the Jealous gods for punishment of so high a sacrilege, struck him not dead with a sudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures, continually gnawing on his Liver. The same kind of torture had Ixion; so had Sisyphus, so had Tantalus: Did then Demagoras fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and should



## To the Reader.

Should his punishment be less? Had my Pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could you have had more? His accursed memory had soon rotted with his baser name, and there had been an end of him: In which respect, I have suffered him to live, that he may stand like a Jack a Lent, or a Shroving Cock, for every one to spend a Cudgel at, to the worlds end. Ladies, (for in your silken Laps I know this Book will chuse to lie, which being far fetched, if the Stationer be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is, that you would be pleased to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainments: She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you: To whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them.

Dublin, this Fourth  
of March,  
1621.

Fr. Quarles.

To the Reader

My dear Reader, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the late Mr. John Smith's estate. I have since that time given the matter my most careful consideration, and I am now in a measure prepared to give you the result of my inquiries. I have been informed that the late Mr. Smith was a person of considerable property, and that he was very liberal in his donations to the poor. I have also been informed that he was a person of great integrity and of a most amiable disposition. I have therefore no doubt that his estate will be found to be one of the most valuable and most interesting that I have ever had the opportunity of examining. I have therefore the honor to enclose herewith a copy of a report which I have prepared in relation to the matter, and which I believe will be found to be of great interest and value to you. I have also the honor to enclose herewith a copy of a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the management of the estate, and who are now engaged in the discharge of their duties. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant.

Wm. Smith

Wm. Smith

1

(U)  
To  
The  
Was  
To  
Did  
Are  
As  
As  
Here  
The  
So  
The  
Who  
Of  
The  
Her  
Can



# Argalus and Parthenia.

## The First Book.

**W** I thin the limits of th' Arcadian  
 Land,  
 Whose grateful bounty hath enlight  
 the hand  
 Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose  
 rural Art  
 (Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart  
 To vow dissembled Love) did build to fame  
 Eternal *Tr. phies* of a Pastoral name:  
 That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antick days,  
 Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays  
 To all the world; and, with her Oaten Reed,  
 Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed  
*Arcadia*, whose desarts did claim to be  
 As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,  
 As is, whose louder *Ænead* proudly sings  
 Heroick conquests of victorious Kings:  
 There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell  
 so high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)  
 There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,  
 Whose rare composure did abstract the story  
 Of true Perfection, modellizing forth  
 The height of beauty, and admired worth;  
 Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent,  
 Can serve but as a needless complement,

To gild Perfection: She shall boast, alone,  
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own;  
Her Mother was a Lady, whom deep age  
More fill'd with honor, than diseases; sage,  
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,  
Sparing in Speech, but lib'ral of her Ear;  
Fierce to her foes! and violent where she likes;  
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes:  
Frequent in Alms, and charitable Deeds,  
Of mighty spirit, constant to her Beads,  
Wisely suspicious; but what need we other  
Than this? She was the fair *Parthenias* Mother,  
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose Heavenly eye  
Sits Maiden mildness, mixt with Majesty;  
Whose secret power hath a double skill,  
By frowns or smiles to make alive, or kill;  
Her Cheeks are like to Banks of fairest Flowers,  
Enrich'd with sweetness from the Twilight showers,  
Whereon those jays, which were so often bred,  
Compos'd were, betwixt the white and red:  
Her Hair wrought down beneath her Ivory Knees,  
As if that Nature, to so rare a piece,  
Had meant a Shadow: laboring to show,  
And boast the utmost that her hand could do:  
Like smallest Flax appear'd her Nymph-like Hair,  
But only Flax was not so small, so fair:  
Her Lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,  
Instead of Teeth, that orient *Pearls* had been:  
The whiteness of her dainty Neck you know,  
If ever you beheld the new-faln *Snow*;  
Her Swan-like Breasts were like two little *Spheres*,  
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,  
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,  
All liberal Arts would turn *Astronomy*:  
Her slender waste, her Lilly hands, her Arms  
I dare not set to view; because all Charms  
Forbidden are: My bathful *Muse* descends  
No lower step: Here her *Commission* ends,  
And by another Virtue doth enjoyne  
My Pen to treat Perfection more divine.

Book 1. *Argalus and Parthenia.*

The chaste *Diana*, and her Virgin crew  
 Was but a Type of one that should ensue  
 In after-ages, which we find exprest,  
 And here fulfill'd in chaste *Parthenia's* Brest;  
 True vertue was the object of her will;  
 She could no ill, because she knew no ill;  
 Her thoughts were noble, and her words not lavish  
 Yet free, but wisely weigh'd; more apt to ravish  
 Than to entice; less beautified with Art,  
 Than natural sweetness: In her gentle Heart  
 Judgment transcended, from her milder Brest  
 Passion was not exiled, but repress:  
 Her voice excel'd; nay, had you heard her voice  
 But warble forth, you might have had the choice,  
 To take her for some smooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,  
 Or else some glorious *Angel*, that had been  
 A treble sharer in th' eternal joys,  
 Such was her voice, such was her heavenly voice:  
 Merry, yet modest; witty, and yet wise;  
 Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;  
 Quick, but not rash; Courteous, and yet not common;  
 Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man:  
 In brief, who would relate her praises well,  
 Must first bethink himself, what 'tis t' excel.

When these Perfections had enhaunc'd the name  
 Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame  
 Grew great with honor, spreads her hasty Wings,  
 Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,  
 And with her full-mouth'd blast she doth proclaim  
 Th' unmat'd glory of *Parthenia's* name:  
 Who now but fair *Parthenia*? What report  
 Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court  
 But fair *Partheniaes*? Every solemn Feast  
 Must now be sweetned, honor'd, and possess'd  
 With high discourses of *Partheniaes* glory,  
 And every mouth must breathe *Partheniaes* story.  
 The Poet summons now his amorous Quill,  
 And scorns assistance from the Sacred Mill:  
 The sweet-lipt Orator takes in hand to raise  
 His pro-Jder stile, to speak *Partheniaes* praise.

The curious Painter wisely doth displace  
 Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.  
 The pleader burns his Books, disdains the Law,  
 And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r saw.  
 Healths to the fair *Parthenia* flie about  
 At every board, whilst others, more devout,  
 Build Idols to her, and adore the same,  
 And Parrets learn to prate *Parthenias* name:  
 Some t'ust to fame, some secretly disprize  
 Her worth; some emulate, and some envie:  
 Some doubt, some fear lest lavish Fame belie her,  
 And all that dare believe report, admire her.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land  
 Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord: Of proud command,  
 Lord of much people, youthful, and of fame,  
 More great than good, *Demagoras* his name:  
 Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,  
 Thick shouldered, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,  
 His gastral countenance swarthy, long and thin,  
 And down each side of his reverted Chin  
 A lock of black neglected Hair, (befriended  
 With Warts too ugly to be seen) descended;  
 His rouling eyes were deeply sunk, and hiew'd  
 Like fire. 'Tis said, they blister'd where they view'd  
 Upon his shoulders from his fruitful Crown,  
 A rugged crop of *Ellocks* dangled down:  
 His hide all hairy; garish his attire,  
 And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire;  
 Perverse to all; extenuating what  
 Another did, because he knew it not;  
 Maligning all mens actions but his own,  
 Not loving any, and belov'd of none:  
 Revengeful, envious, desperately stout,  
 And in a word, to paint him fully out,  
 That had the Monopoly, to fulfil  
 All vice, the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.  
 He view'd *Parthenias* face. As from above,  
 Fire-balls of Lightning hurl'd by angry Jove,  
 Confound th'unarm'd beholder at a blow,  
 And leave him ruin'd in the place: Even so

Book I. *Argalus and Parthenia.* 5

The Peerless beauty of Parthenia's eyes,  
At the first sight did conquer and surprize  
The lavish thoughts of this amazed lover,  
Who void of strength to hide, or to discover  
The tyrannous scorching of his secret fires,  
Prompted by Passion, with himself conspires:

Accurs'd Demagoras! Into what a Fever  
Hath one look struck thy soul? O never, never  
To be recur'd! If I had done amiss,  
Hath Heaven no easier Plagues in store, but this?  
Prometheus pains are not so sharp as these,  
Our sins yet labor'd both of one disease  
Our faults are equal: Both stole fire from Heaven,  
Our faults alike, why are our Plagues uneven?  
Be just, O make not such unequal odds  
Of equal sins: Be just, or else no gods:  
Why send ye down such Angels to the Earth,  
To mock poor mortals? or of mortal birth?  
If such a Heaven-like Paragon may be,  
Why do ye not wound her as well as me?  
But why do I implore your aids in vain,  
That are the highest Agents in my pain?  
Poor wretch! What hope of help can ye assure me,  
When onely she, that made the wound, can cure me?  
Divine Parthenia, Earths unvalued Jewel:  
Would thou hadst been less glorious, or less cruel:  
When first thine eyes did to these eyes appear,  
I read the history of my ruine there,  
My necessary ruine: Heaven, nor Hell  
Can salve my sores, by help of Prayer or Spell;  
Gods are unjust; and if, with Charms, I haunt her,  
Her eyes are Counter-charms, to inchant th' enchanter.  
Why do I thus exulcerate my disease?  
By adding torments, hope I to find ease?  
Is not her cruelty enough, alone,  
But must I bring fresh torments of my own?  
Hear up Demagoras: 'Tis a wise mans part  
Not to lose all, if his unpractis'd art  
Serves not to gain: A Gamester may not chuse  
His chance: It is some conquest not to lose,

Look to thy self: Let no injurious blast  
 Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast  
 For time to cure: O, hope for no remission  
 Of pain, till Cupid send thee a Physician.  
 She is a Woman; if a Woman, then  
 My title's good: Women were made for men.  
 She is a Woman, though her heavenly brow  
 Write Angel, and may stoop, although not now.  
 Women, by looks, will not be understood  
 Until their hearts advise with flesh and blood.  
 She is a Woman, There's no reason why,  
 But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.  
 Move then, Demagoras, let Parthenia know  
 The strength of her own beauty, in thy no:  
 Fear not, what thou ador'st; begin to move,  
 Christ-cross foreruns the Alphabet of love.  
 'Tis half perfected, what is once begun?  
 She is a woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow  
 And sworn allegiance to the peaceful Plow,  
 Prest out for service in the Martial Camp,  
 At first (unentred) findes a lifeless damp  
 Beleag'ring every joynt, as often swounds  
 As here he views his sword, or thinks of wounds;  
 At length (not finding any means for flying,  
 Switcht and Spur'd on with desp'rate fear of dying)  
 He hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,  
 And freshly deals about his frantick blows;  
 Even so Demagoras, whose unbred fashion  
 Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,  
 Being call'd a Combatant to Cupids field,  
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yield  
 The day without a parley, till at length,  
 Fiercely transported by th'untutor'd strength  
 Of his own passion, he himself assures,  
 That desp'rate torments must have desp'rate cures:  
 And thus to the divine Parthenias ears  
 Applies his Speech, devoid of doubts and fears.

Fairest of Creatures, if my ruder Tongue,  
 To right it self, should do your patience wrong,



And lawless passion makes it too too free,  
O blame your heavenly beauty and not me:  
It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first  
Enforc'd my Tongue to speak, or Heart to burst:  
From those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound,  
Which seeks for cure, and cannot be made sound,  
But by the hand that struck: To you alone,  
I sue for help, that else must hope for none:  
Then crown my joys, thou Antidote of despair,  
And be as merciful as thou art fair;  
Nature, (the bounty of whose liberal hand  
Made thee the Jewel of the Arcadian Land)  
Intended in so rare a prize, to boast  
Her master-piece: Hid Jewels are but lost;  
Shine thou, and rob not Nature of her due,  
But honor her, as she hath honor'd you.  
Let not the best of all her works lie dead  
In the nice Casket of a Maiden-head:  
What she would have reveal'd, O do not smother,  
Th'art made in vain, unless thou make another:  
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,  
Lest thou shouldst want a heart, I'll give thee mine,  
As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,  
As thou with Virtue, or thine eyes with beauty.  
Why dost thou frown? Why does that Heavenly brow,  
Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkleness?  
Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,  
O lend me but the twilight of a smile:  
Give me one amorous glance; why stand'st thou mute?  
Disclose those ruby lips, and grant my suit:  
Speak (love,) or if thy doubtful mind be bent  
To silence, let that silence be consent:  
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,  
My words may seem to plead my own desert.  
Disdain me not, although my thoughts descend  
Below themselves, to enjoy so fair a friend.  
That have oft with tears been sought to, sue;  
And Queens have been his servants, that serves you:  
The beauties of all Greece have been at strife  
To win the name of great Demagoras wife,

And been despis'd, not worthy to obtain  
 So high an honor; what they sought (in vain)  
 I here present thee with, as thine own due,  
 It being an honor fit for none but you:  
 Speak then (my love) and let thy Lips make known  
 That I am either thine, or not mine own.

Have you beheld when fresh Aurora's eye  
 Sends forth her early beams, and by and by  
 Withdraws the glory of her face, and throws  
 Her Cheek behind a ruddy Mask of Clouds,  
 Which, who believe in Erra Pater say,  
 Presages wind, and blustry storms that day.  
 Such were Parthenia's looks: In whose fair face  
 Roses and Lillies, late had equal place,  
 But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,  
 Roses appear'd, and Lillies were not seen:  
 She paus'd awhile, till at the last, she breaks,  
 Her long-kept angry silence, thus, and speaks.

My Lord,  
 Had your strong Oratory but the art,  
 To make me conscious of so great desert,  
 As you perswade, I should be bound in duty  
 To praise your Rhet'rick as you praise my beauty:  
 Or if the frailty of my judgment could  
 Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold  
 Your words for currant, you might boldly dare  
 Count me as foolish, as you term me fair.  
 If you vie Courtship, Fortune knows that I  
 Have not so strong a game, to see the vie:  
 Alas, my skill durst never undertake  
 To play the game, where hearts be set at stake:  
 Needs must the loss be great, when such have bin  
 Seldom observ'd to save themselves that win:  
 You crave my Heart, my Lord, you crave withal,  
 Too great a mischief: My poor heart's too small  
 To fill the concave of so great a brest,  
 Whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request  
 Of love-sick Queens and can requite the vain,  
 And factious suits of Ladies with disdain:

Hoop not so low beneath your self (great Lord)  
 To love Parthenia : Shall so poor a word  
 Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclaim  
 A more transcendent Fortune, than that name  
 Can give ? Call down Jove's winged Pursuivant,  
 And give his tongue the power to inchant  
 Some easie Goddess in your name, and treat  
 A marriage befitting so sublime, so great  
 A minde as yours, and fill the fruitfull Earth  
 With Heroes, sprung from so divine a birth :  
 Parthenia's heart could never yet aspire  
 So high : Her home-bred thoughts durst ne'r desire  
 So fond an honor matcht with so great pride,  
 To hope for that, which Queens have been deny'd.  
 Be wise, my Lord ; vouchsafe not to repeat  
 Unfit a suit : Be wise as you are great :  
 Advance your noble thoughts, hazard no more  
 To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore ;  
 That to the wiser world, it may be known,  
 The less y'are mine, the more you are your own.

Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom  
 Offended Justice lately past her doom,  
 Stands trembling by, and hopeles to prevail,  
 Bauls not for mercy : but to the loath'd Jail  
 Drags his sad Irons, and from thence commends  
 A hasty suit to his selected friends,  
 That by the virtue of a quick Reprieve,  
 The wretch might have some few days more to live :  
 Even so Demagoras, whose rewounded heart  
 Had newly felt the unexpected smart  
 And secret burthen of a desperate doom,  
 Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,  
 And in his discontented mind, revolves  
 Ten thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves  
 What course to run, relying on no other  
 But the assistance of Parthenia's Mother.  
 Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove  
 His wandering steps to the next neighboring grove.  
 A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand  
 He rudely grip'd ; upon his Lips did stand

A milk-white froth; his eyes like flames; sometimes  
 He curses Heaven; himself; and then the times;  
 Rails at the proud *Parthenia*; raves; despairs;  
 And from his head rends off his tangled hairs;  
 Curses the Womb that bare him, bans the Fates,  
 And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates:

*Why dost thou not, Demagoras, when as death  
 Lends thee a Weapon? Can the whining breath  
 Of discontents and passion, send relief  
 To thy distraction, or assuage thy grief?  
 Why mov'st thou not the gods? or, rather, why  
 Dost not contemn, and scorn their power, and die?  
 But stay! Of whom dost thou complain? A woman.  
 To whom (fond man) dost thou complain? A woman.  
 And shall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee?  
 Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee?  
 Fie, fie, Demagoras, shall a womans eye  
 Prevail, to make the stout Demagoras die,  
 And leave to after times, an entred name  
 In Calender of fools? Rouse up for shame  
 Thy wasted spirits; whet thy spleen, and live  
 To be reveng'd: She, she, that would not give  
 Admittance to his proffer'd love, must drink  
 The poison of thy hate: Stir then the sink  
 Of all thy passion; where thou canst not gain  
 By fairer language, Tarquin like constrain,  
 But hold thy hand, Demagoras, and advise:  
 Art gives advantage oft, where force denies:  
 Suspend thy fury: make *Partheniaes* Mother  
 Thy means: Que *Adamant* will cut another:  
 Sweeten thy Lips with amorous Oratory;  
 Affect her tender heart with the sad story  
 Of thy dear love: Exalt *Partheniaes* beauty:  
 But most of all, urge that deserved duty  
 Thou ow'st her virtue, and make that the ground  
 Of thy first love, that gave thy heart the wound:  
 Mingle thy words with sighs; and it is meet,  
 If thou canst force a tear, to let her see't,  
 Against thy will. Let thy false tongue for bear  
 No vows; and though thou beest forsworn, yet swear:*

ere thy barren Lips shall chance to pause,  
 for want of words; Parthenia is the cause,  
 who hath bendu'd thy heart; if ere they go  
 beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so:  
 Withal, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance  
 the daughters virtues, let the glory glance  
 upon the prudent Mother: Women care not  
 to hear too much of virtue, if they share not.  
 When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting ear  
 to soft attention, closely, in the rear  
 of thy discourse, prefer thy sad Petition  
 that she would please to favor the condition  
 of a distressed lover, and afford  
 in thy behalf, a Mothers timely word;  
 so shalt thou wreak thy vengeance by a vile,  
 and make the Mother Barred to her own child.

He paused not, but like a rash Projector  
 (Whose frantick Passion was supream Director)  
 fix'd his first thoughts, impatient of the second,  
 Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd  
 all time but lost, which he bestowed not  
 on th' execution of his hopeful plot:  
 forthwith his nimble paces he divided  
 towards the Summer-Palace, where resided  
 the fair Parthenias Mother; boldly enters,  
 and after mutual complement adventures  
 to break the Ice of his dissembled grief:  
 thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

Madam,  
 the hopeful thriving of my suit depends  
 upon your goodness, and it recommends  
 itself unto your favor, from whose hand  
 must have sentence, or to fall, or stand:  
 thrice three times hath the Sovereign of the night,  
 repair'd her empty horns with borrowed light,  
 since these sad eyes, these heavily blasted eyes,  
 were stricken by a light that did arise  
 from your left womb, whose unassuag'd smart  
 hath pierc'd my Soul, and wounded my poor Heart.

It is the fair Parthenia, whose divine  
 And glorious virtue led these eyes of mine  
 To their own ruine: Like a wanton Flie,  
 I dallied with the flame of her bright eie,  
 Till I have burn'd my vvings. O, if to love  
 Beheld a sin, the guilty gods above  
 (Being fellow-sinners with us, and commit  
 The self-same crimes) may ear'ly pardon it.  
 O thrice divine Parthenia, that hast got  
 A sacred priuiledge which the gods haue not,  
 If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereau'd  
 Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven;  
 And welcome death that with one happy blow  
 Gives me more ease, than life could ever do.  
 Madam, to whom should my sad words appeal  
 But you? Alas to whom should I reveal  
 My dying thoughts, but unto you that gave  
 Being to her, that hath the power to save  
 My wasted life: the language of a Mother  
 Moves more than tears, that trickle from another.  
 With that a well dissembled drop did slide  
 From his false eies. The Lady thus reply'd:

My Honorable Lord,  
 If my untimely answer hath prevented  
 Some farther words, your passion would haue vented,  
 Pardon my haste, which in a ruder fashion  
 Sought onely to diuide you from your passion:  
 The love you bear Parthenia, must claim  
 The priuiledge of mine ear, and in her name,  
 (Though from an absent minde, as yet unknown)  
 Return I thank with interest of my own.  
 The little judgement, that the gods haue lent  
 Her downy ears (though in a small extent)  
 Does challenge the whole freedome of her choice,  
 In the resignement of a Mothers voice:  
 The brightly fancies of a Virgins minde  
 Enter themselves, and hate to be confind  
 The hidden Embers of a lovers fire  
 Desire no ballows, but their own desire;  
 And like to Dedalus his Forge, if blown,

burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone;  
 Lovers affect without advisement, that  
 Which being most perswaded to, they hate.  
 My Lord, adjourn your passion, and refer  
 The fortune of your suit to time, and her.  
 Like to a Pinnacle in a Lovers minde  
 The Sail his fancie is; a storm of vvinds  
 In uncontrouled Passion; the Stear's  
 Is Reason; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fear:  
 Your storm being great, like a wise Pilot bear  
 But little Sail, and stoutly plie the Stear:  
 Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me,  
 My Lord, too hasty gamesters oversee,  
 Go, move Parthenia: and let Juno's blessing  
 Attend your hopeful suit, in the suppressing  
 Loves common evils; and if her warm desire  
 Give but a spark, leave me to blow the fire.  
 Go, lose no time: Lovers must be laborious;  
 My Lord, go prosperous, and return victorious.

With that, Demagoras, (prostrate on the ground,  
 As if his ears had heard that blessed sound,  
 Wherewith the Delphian Oracle acquites  
 The accepted sacrifice) performs the Rites  
 Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,  
 Which fed his Soul with the malignant joys  
 Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he starts,  
 Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the Heaven-surrounding Steeds  
 Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting  
 Into the lower Hemisphere, to cool (heads  
 Their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,  
 When as the dainty and mollitious Air  
 Had bid the Lady of the Palace, share  
 In her refined pleasures, and invited  
 Her gentle steps, fully to be delighted  
 In those sweet walks, where *Flora's* liberal hand  
 Had given more freely, than to all the Land.  
 There walked she: and in her various minde,  
 Projects and casts about which way to finde  
 The progress of the young *Parthenian's* heart;

Likes this way : Then a second thought does thwart  
 The first ; likes that way : then a third the second :  
 One while she likes the match, and then she reckons  
*Demogoras* virtues : now her fear entices  
 Her thoughts to alter ; then she counts his vices :  
 Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to minde ;  
 Another while, thinks oaths and words but wind.  
 She likes, dislikes ; her doubtful thoughts do vary :  
 Resolves, and then Resolves the quite contrary.  
 One while she fears that his malign aspect  
 Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect :  
 And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts  
 His wealth, the Golden cover of all his faults :  
 And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests  
 Her fears ; creates a world of wealth ; and rests  
 With that, she straight unfixt her fastned eyes  
 From off the ground ; and looking up, espies  
 The fair *Parthenia*, in a lovely bowre,  
 Spending the treasure of an Evening hour :  
 There sate she, reading the sweet sad discourses  
 Of *Chariclea's* love : the entercourses  
 Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart  
 To feel the self-same joy, the self same smart :  
 She read, she wept, and, as she wept, she smil'd ;  
 As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd  
 Th'extreams of joy and grief : She clos'd the Book,  
 Then open'd it, and with a milder look,  
 She pities lovers ; musing then a while,  
 She teaches smiles to weep, and tears to smile :  
 At length, her broken thoughts she thus discovers.

*Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers !*

*Is all extream in love ? No mean at all ?*

*No draught indifferent ? Either Honey or Gall ?*

*Hath Cupids universe no temp'rate Zone ?*

*Either a torrid, or a frozen one ?*

*Alas, alas, poor Lovers ! As she spake*

Those words from her disclosed Lips, there brake

A gentle sigh ; and after that another :

With that, steps in her unexpected Mother.

Have ye beheld, when *Titans* lustful head



Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green Bed  
Of *Thetis*, how the bashful Horizon  
Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)  
Looks red for shame, and blushes to discover  
Th'incestuous pleasures of the Heaven-born lover?  
She look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye  
Of her unwelcome Mother did descry  
Her secret passion: The Mothers smile  
Brought forth the Daughters blush, and level coy.  
They smil'd and blusht; one smile begat another:  
The Daughter blusht, because the jealous Mother  
Smil'd on her; and the silent Mother smil'd  
To see the conscious blushing of her childe:  
At length grown great with words, she did awake  
Her forced silence, and she thus bespake.

*Blush not my fairest Daughter; 'tis no shame  
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,  
Which worth and beauty kindles in the breast;  
'Tis charity to succour the distressed.  
The disposition of a generous heart  
Makes every grief her own; at least, bear part.  
What Marble, ah what Adamantine ear  
Ere heard the flames of Troy, without a tear?  
Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,  
(Whose desperate fewel is his own desire)  
May boldly challenge every gentle heart  
To be joynt-tenant in his secret smart.  
Why dost thou blush? why did those pearly tears  
Slide down? Fear not: This arbor hath no ears:  
Here's none but we; speak then: Is it no shame  
To shed a tear; thy Mother did the same:  
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,  
Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart?  
Speak, in the name of Hymen, I conjure thee,  
If so, I have a Balsom will recure thee,  
I fear, I fear, the young Laconian Lord  
Hate lately left some indigested word  
In thy cold stomach; which for want of art,  
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart.  
If that be all, revealing brings relief;*

*Silence*

Silence in love, but multiplies a grief;  
 Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,  
 Which being but disclor'd, is eas'ly cur'd:  
 Terchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother  
 Thy close affection from thy angry Mother,  
 And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen:  
 I did the like, or thou hadst never been.  
 Stolen goods are sweetest. If it be thy mind  
 To love in secret, I will be as blinde  
 As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare  
 Acquaint thy Mother, then a Mother's care  
 Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire  
 The sweet fruition of thy choice desire:  
 Thou lov'st Demagoras: If thy Lips deny;  
 Thy conscious heart must give thy Lips the lie:  
 And if thy liking countermand my will,  
 The punishment shall be to love him still:  
 Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit  
 The crown belonging to so fair a merit;  
 His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears  
 To speak, at least, an age above his years:  
 The blood of his increasing honor springs  
 From the high stock of the Areadian Kings.  
 The gods have blest him with a liberal hand  
 Enrich him with the prime of all the Land:  
 Honor and wealth attend his Gates, and what  
 Can he command that he possesses not?  
 All which, and more, (if Mothers can divine)  
 The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;  
 He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes  
 Have took him prisoner; he submits, and lies  
 At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be  
 Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.  
 Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice,  
 And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,  
 Accept at first: It is a foolish mind  
 To be too coy: Occasion's bald behind.  
 'Tis not the common work of every day  
 To afford such offers, take them while you may:  
 Times alter: Youth and Beauty are but blasts.

Use then thy time, whilst youth and beauty lasts:  
 For if that loath'd and infamous reproach  
 Of a stale Maid, but offer to in-croach  
 Upon opinion, th'art in estimation,  
 Like garments kept till they be out of fashion:  
 Thy worth, thy wit, thy virtues all must stand  
 Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at second hand;  
 Resolves thee then, to enlarge thy Virgin-life  
 With th'honorable freedom of a Wife:  
 And let the fruits of that blest marriage be  
 A living pledge betwixt my childe and me.

So said, The fair Parthenia (in whose heart  
 Her strong affection yet had got the start  
 Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,  
 Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding law  
 Of filial duty to her best affection,  
 Sometimes submits unto her own election,  
 Sometimes unto her Mothers: Thus divided  
 In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided  
 By one desire, and sometimes by another,  
 She thus reply'd to her attentive Mother:

Madam,  
 Think not Parthenia, under a pretence  
 Of silence, studies disobedience:  
 Or by the crafty slowness of reply,  
 Barrows a quick advantage to deny:  
 It lies not in your power to command  
 Beyond my will; unto your tender hand  
 There surrender up that little All  
 You gave me, freely to dispose withall:  
 The gods forbid, Parthenia should resist  
 What you command, command you what you list:  
 But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord  
 Hath made assault, but never yet could board  
 This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,  
 But my misconstrued streams did not proceed  
 From Cupids Spring, This blut ber'd Book makes known  
 Whose griefs I wept; I wept not for mine own;  
 My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire  
 The least degree towards the proud desire

Silence in love, but multiplies a grief;  
 Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,  
 Which being but disclos'd, is eas'ly cur'd:  
 Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother  
 Thy close affection from thy angry Mother,  
 And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen:  
 I did the like, or thou hadst never been.  
 Stolen goods are sweetest. If it be thy minde  
 To love in secret, I will be as blinde  
 As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare  
 Acquaint thy Mother, then a Mothers care  
 Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire  
 The sweet fruition of thy choice desire:  
 Thou lov'st Demagoras: If thy Lips deny;  
 Thy conscious heart must give thy Lips the lie:  
 And if thy liking countermand my will,  
 The punishment shall be to love him still:  
 Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit  
 The crown belonging to so fair a merit;  
 His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears  
 To speak, at least, an age above his years:  
 The blood of his increasing honor springs  
 From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings.  
 The gods have blest him with a liberal hand  
 Enrich him with the prime of all the Land:  
 Honor and wealth attend his Gates, and what  
 Can he command that he possesses not?  
 All which, and more, (if Mothers can divine)  
 The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;  
 He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes  
 Have took him prisoner; he submits, and lies  
 At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be  
 Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.  
 Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice,  
 And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,  
 Accept at first: It is a foolish minde  
 To be too coy: Occasion's bald behind.  
 'Tis not the common work of every day  
 To afford such offers, take them while you may:  
 Times alter: Tough and Beauty are but blasts.

Use then thy time, whilst youth and beauty lasts:  
 For if that loath'd and infamous reproach,  
 Of a stale Maid, but offer to increach  
 Upon opinion, th'art in estimation,  
 Like garments kept till they be out of fashion:  
 Thy worth, thy wit, thy virtues all must stand  
 Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at second hand;  
 Resolve thee then, to enlarge thy Virgin-life  
 With th'honorable freedome of a Wife:  
 And let the fruits of that blest marriage be  
 A living pledge betwixt my childe and me.

So said, The fair Parthenia (in whose heart  
 Her strong affection yet had got the start  
 Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,  
 Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding law  
 Of filial duty to her best affection,  
 Sometimes submits unto her own election,  
 Sometimes unto her Mothers: Thus divided  
 In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided  
 By one desire, and sometimes by another,  
 She thus reply'd to her attentive Mother:

Madam,

Think not Parthenia, under a pretence  
 Of silence, studies disobedience:  
 Or by the crafty slowness of reply,  
 Barrows a quick advantage to deny:  
 It lies not in your power to command  
 Beyond my will; unto your tender hand  
 I here surrender up that little All  
 You gave me, freely to dispose withall:  
 The gods forbid, Parthenia should resist  
 What you command, command you what you list:  
 But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord  
 Hath made assault, but never yet could board  
 This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,  
 But my misconstrued streams did ne'r proceed  
 From Cupids spring, This blubber'd Book makes known  
 Whose griefs I wept; I wept not for mine own;  
 My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire  
 The least degree towards the proud desire

Of so great honor, to be call'd his wife,  
 For whom ambitious Queens have been at strife :  
 He said for love, and strongly did importune  
 My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune :  
 My brest was Marble, and my heart forget  
 All pity, for indeed, I lov'd him not :  
 But Madam, you, to whose more wise directions  
 I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,  
 You have commanded, and your will shall be  
 The square of my uneven desires, and me :  
 I'll practise duty, and my deed shall show it :  
 I'll practise love, though Cupid never know it.

When great *Basilus* (he whose Princely hand  
 Nourish'd long peace in the *Arcadian Land*)  
 With triumph brought to his renowned Court  
 His new espoused Queen, was great resort  
 Of Foreign States, and Princes, to behold  
 The truth, that unbeliev'd report hath told  
 Of fair *Gynecia's* worth: Thither repair'd  
 The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd  
 In warlike furniture, and well addrest,  
 With solemn Jousts to glorifie the Feast  
 Of Marriage Royal, lately past between  
 Th' *Arcadian King*, and his thrice noble Queen,  
 The fair *Gynecia*, in whose face and brest,  
 Nature, and curious art had done their best,  
 To sum that rare perfection, which (in brief)  
 Transcends the power of a strong belief :  
 Her Syre was the *Cyprian King*, whose fame  
 Receiv'd more honor from her honor'd name,  
 Than if he had with his victorious hand,  
 Unsceptred half the Princes in the Land :  
 To tell the glory of this Royal Feast,  
 The Bridegrooms state, and how the Bride was dress'd;  
 The Princely service, and the rare delights ;  
 The several names and worth of Lords and Knights ;  
 The quaint *Impresa's*, their deviseful shows ;  
 Their Martial sports, their oft redoubled blows ;  
 The courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse,  
 Who ran, who got the better, who, the worse,

not my task, nor lies it in my way,  
 To make relation of it: Heraulds may,  
 Let fame and honor have selected one  
 From that illustrious crue; and him alone  
 Have recommended to my careful Quill,  
 Forbidding that his honor should lie still  
 Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit,  
 That day, had crowned with a victor's merit:  
 His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born;  
 And (if what is not ours, may adorn  
 Our proper fortunes) his Blood Royal Springs  
 From th'ancient stock of the great *Cyprus* Kings;  
 His out side, had enough to satisfie  
 The expectation of a curious eie:  
 Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,  
 To make him half so fair, whom fame and duty  
 Ought to honor, call'd so often forth,  
 To approve the excellence of his manly worth;  
 His mind, was richly furnisht with the treasure  
 Of Moral knowledge, in so liberal measure,  
 Not to be proud: So valiant and so strong  
 Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:  
 Friendly to all men, inward but with few;  
 Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new;  
 Lord of his word, and master of his passion,  
 Serious in business, choice in recreation:  
 Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary;  
 Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary:  
 And to conclude, the world could hardly finde  
 So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright surveyor of the Heaven  
 Divided out the days and nights by even  
 And equal hours, since this child of fame  
 Invited by the glory of her name,  
 First view'd *Parthenia's* face, whose mutual eye  
 Not equal flames, and with the secret eye  
 Fundisclos'd affection, joyn'd together  
 Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either;  
 Both dearly lov'd; the more they strove to hide  
 Their love, affection they the more desir'd.

*It lies beyond the power of art to smother  
Affection, where one virtue finds another.*

One was their thoughts, and their desires one,  
And yet both lov'd unknown; belov'd unknown:  
One was the Dart, that at the self-same time  
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:  
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd;  
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:  
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none  
But two in all, and yet that *all* but one,  
By this time had their barren lips betray'd  
Their timorous silence; now they had display'd  
Loves sanguine colours, whilest the winged Childe  
Sate in a Tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd  
To see the Combat of two wounded friends,  
He strikes and wounds himself, while she defends  
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,  
And flows from his, and from his wound, she bleeds;  
She plays at him, and aiming at his breast,  
Pierc'd her own heart: And when his hand addrest  
The blow to her fair bosom, there it found  
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:  
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,  
Both lost the day, and yet both won the field:  
And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,  
Their lips gave earnest of a joyful peace.

*But O the hideous chances that attend  
A lovers progress to his journeys end!  
How many desperate rubs, and dangers wait  
Each minute on his miserable state!  
His hopes do build, what strait his fears destroy:  
Sometimes he surfeits with excess of joy:  
Sometimes despairing ere to find relief,  
He roars beneath the tyranny of grief;  
And when loves current runs with greatest force,  
Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course:  
For lo, no sooner the discovered flame  
Of these new parted lovers did proclaim  
Loves sacred Jubilee; but the Virgins Mother  
(The posture of whose visage did discover*

Some



Some serious matter, harb'ring in her breast)  
 Enters the room: Half angry, half in jest,  
 She thus began: My dearest childe, this night,  
 When as the silent darkness did invite  
 Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possess  
 My troubled minde, and robb'd me of my rest;  
 I slept not, till the early Bugle-horn  
 Of Chaunticlere had summon'd in the morn  
 To attend the Light, and nurse the new-born Day.  
 At last, when Morpheus, with his Leaden Key  
 Had lock'd my senses, and enlarg'd the power  
 Of my Heav'n-guided fancy, for an hour  
 I slumber'd; and before my slumbringeier,  
 One, and the self-same dream presented thrice;  
 I wak'd; and being frighted at the Vision,  
 Perceiv'd the Gods had made an Apparition.  
 My dream was this: Me thought I saw thee sitting  
 Dress'd like a Princely Bride, with Robes besitting  
 The State of Majesty: thy Nymph-like Hair  
 Loosly dishevel'd, and thy brows did bear  
 A Cypse's wreath; and (thrice three months expir'd)  
 Thy pregnant Womb grew heavy, and requir'd  
 Lucina's aid; with that me thought I saw  
 A team of harness'd Peacocks fiercely draw  
 A fiery Chariot from the sitting skie,  
 Wherein there sat the glorious Majesty  
 Of great Saturnia, on whose train attended  
 A host of goddesses; Juno descended  
 From out the flaming Chariot, and blest  
 Thy painful Womb: Thy pains a while increas'd,  
 At length she laid her gentle palms upon  
 Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a son.  
 She made thee Mother of a smiling Boy,  
 And after, blest thee with a Mother's joy,  
 She kiss'd the Babe, whose fortune she foretold;  
 For on his head she set a Crown of Gold;  
 Forthwith, as if the Heavens had clove in sunder,  
 Me thought I heard the horrid noise of thunder:  
 The hail storm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,  
 Some Hailstones that descended did appear

As Orient Pearls, some like refined Gold,  
 Whereat the Goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,  
 Great Jove hath sent a gift, go forth and take't:  
 Thus having spoke, she vanish, and I wak'd:  
 I wak'd, and waking trembled, for I knew  
 They were no idle passages, that grew  
 From my distempered thoughts: 'twas not a vain  
 Delusion roaving from a troubled brain.  
 It was a vision, and the gods foretold  
 Parthenia's fortune? Gods cannot mistake.  
 I lik'd the dream, wherein the Heavens foretold  
 Thy joyful Marriage, and the shower of Gold  
 Betokened wealth: The infants Golden Crown,  
 Ensuing honor: Juno's coming down,  
 A safe deliverance; and the smiling Boy  
 Sum'd up the total of a Mothers joy:  
 But what the wreath of Cypres, (that was set  
 Upon thy nuptial brows) presag'd, as yet  
 The gods keep from me: If that secret do  
 Portend an evil, Heav'n keep it from thee too.  
 Advise Parthenia: Seek not to withstand  
 The plot wherein the gods vouchsafe a hand:  
 Submit thy will to theirs; what they in joyn,  
 Must be; nor lies it in my power, or thine  
 To contradict: Endeavour to fulfil  
 What else, must come to pass against thy will:  
 Now by the filial duty thou dost bear  
 The gods and me, or if sought else more dear  
 Can force obedience; as thou hop'st to speed  
 At the gods hands, in greatest time of need;  
 By Heaven, by Hell, by all the powers above,  
 I here conjure Parthenia to remove  
 All fond conceits, that labour to disjoyn  
 What Heaven hath knit, Demagoras heart and thine;  
 The gods are faithful; and their wisdoms know  
 What's better for us mortals, than we do:  
 Doubt not (my childe) the gods cannot deceive,  
 What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive  
 With thankful hands; pass not so slightly over  
 The dear affections of so true a lover:

Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd brest,  
 That findes abroad no joy, at home no rest:  
 But, like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,  
 That flies with Cupid's javelin in his Wounds:  
 Stir up thy rak'd up embers of desire;  
 The Gods will bring in fuel and blow the fire,  
 Be gentle, let thy cœcial smiles revive  
 His wasted spirits, that only cares to live  
 To do thee honor: It was Cupid's Will.  
 The Dart he sent, should onlie Wound, not kill,  
 Yield then: and let the engag'd gods pour down  
 Their promis'd blessings on thy head, and crown  
 Thy Youth with joys, and maist thou after be  
 As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.

So said, the fair Parthenia, to whose heart  
 Her fixt desires had taught th'unwilling Art  
 Of disobedience, calls her judgment in,  
 And, of two evils, determines it a sin  
 More venial, by a resolute denial,  
 To prove undutiful, than be disloyal  
 To him, whose heart a sacred Vow had tied  
 So fast to hers, and (weeping) thus replied.

Madam,

The angrie gods have late conspir'd to show  
 The utmost their invraged hands could do,  
 And having laid aside all mercy stretch  
 Their power, to make one miserable Wretch,  
 Whose curst and tortur'd soul must onlie be  
 The subject of their Wrath, and I am she.  
 Hard is the case! My dear desires must fail,  
 My vows must crack, my plighted faith be fail,  
 Or else affection must be so exil'd  
 A Mothers heart, that she renounce her child.

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide  
 Of tears gusht out, whose violence deny'd  
 Th'intended passage of her doubling tongue:  
 She stopt a while, then on the floor she flung  
 Her prostrate body, while her hands did tear  
 (Not knowing what they did) her dainty hairs:

Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her brest;  
 Began some words, and then wept out the rest:  
 At last, her liveless hands did, by degrees,  
 Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,  
 And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon  
 Her Mothers frowning visage, thus went on.

Upon these knees, these knees that ne'r were bent  
 To you in vain; that never did present  
 Their unrewarded duty: never rose  
 Without a Mothers blessing; upon those,  
 Upon those naked knees I recommend  
 To your dear thoughts, those torments that attend  
 Your poor Parthenia, whose unknown distress  
 Craves rather death, than language to express.  
 What shall I do? Demagoras and death  
 Sound both alike to these sad ears, that breath  
 That names the one, does nominate the other:  
 No, no, I cannot love him, my dear Mother.  
 Command Parthenia now to undergo  
 What death you please, and these quick hands shall show  
 The seal of my obedience in my heart:  
 The Gods themselves, that have a secret art  
 To force affection, cannot violate  
 The Law of Nature, nor the course of Fate.  
 Can Earth forget her burthen, and ascend?  
 Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend  
 To the Earth? If Fire descend, and Earth aspire,  
 Earth were no longer Earth, nor Fire, Fire:  
 Even so, by Nature, 'tis all one to me,  
 To love Demagoras and not to be:  
 No, no, the Heavens can do no act that's greater,  
 Than (having made so) to preserve their creature:  
 And think you that the righteous Gods will fill me  
 With such false joys, as (if enjoy'd) would kill me?  
 I know that they are merciful, what they  
 Command, they give a power to obey:  
 The joyful Vision that your stumbling eyes  
 Of late beheld, did promise and comprise  
 A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can spare  
 The poor Parthenia's merit; whom despair

Hath swallow'd: Your prophetick dream descri'd  
A Royal Marriage, pointed out the Bride;  
Her safe deliverance, and her smiling son,  
Honor and wealth; and after all was done,  
There wants a Bridegroom: Him, the Heavens have seal'd  
Within my Brest, by me to be reveal'd,  
Which if your patience shall vouchsafe to hear,  
My Lips shall recommend unto your ear,

When as Basilius (may whose royal hand  
Long sway the Scepter of th' Arcadian Land)  
From Cyprus brought his more than Princely Bride,  
The fair Gynecia, (whom as Greece deny'd  
An equal; so the world acknowledg'd none  
As her superior in perfection:)

Upon this Ladies royal train, and state,  
A great concourse of Nobles did await,  
And Cyprian Princes, with their Princely Port,  
To see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court:

Illustrious Princes were they; but, as far  
As midnight Phebe out-shines a twinkling star;  
So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one  
Surpass the rest, in honor and renown:

Whose perfect virtue finds more admiration  
In the Arcadian Court, than imitation;

In th' ex'cellence of his outward parts, and features;  
The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature  
Out-went it self; which being richly fraught  
And furnish'd with transcendent worth, is thought  
To be the chosen fortress for protection

Of all the Arts, and store-house of Perfection:

The Cyprus stock did ne'r, till now, bring forth

So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth

Brings greater glory to the Arcadian Land,

Than can the dull Arcadians understand;

His name is Argalus:

He (Madam) was that Cypriess wreath, that crown'd

My nuptial brows: And now the Bridegrooms found,

Cloath'd in the mystery of that Cypriess wreath;

Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breathe

Into my soul, O may I cease to be,

If ought but death part Argalus and me:  
 Yet does my safe obedience not withstand  
 What you desire, or what the gods command:  
 For what the gods command is your desire  
 Parthenia should obey, and not resist:  
 Against their sacred counsels, or withstand  
 The plot, wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand:  
 We must submit our wills; that they enjoy  
 Must be; nor lies it in your power or mine,  
 To cross: We must endeavour to fulfil  
 What else must come to pass against our will;  
 My vows are pass, and second Heaven decree  
 Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said, th' impatient Mothers kindled eye  
 (Half closed with a murderous frown) let fly  
 A scorching Fire-ball, from whence was shed  
 Some drops of choler; sternly shakes her head;  
 With trembling hands unlocks the door; and flies,  
 Leaving Parthenia on her aching knees:  
 And as she fled, her fury thus began  
 To open, *And is Argalus the man?*  
 But there she stops, and striving to express  
 What rage had prompted, could do nothing less.

*All you whose dear affections have been tost  
 In Cupid's Blanket, and unjustly cross'd  
 By wilful Parents, whose extream command  
 Hath made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,  
 That take a furious pleasure to divorce  
 Your souls from your best thoughts, (nay, what is worse  
 Than torture) force your fancies to respect,  
 And dearly love, whom most you disaffect;  
 Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart  
 Of poor Parthenia, let your eyes impart  
 One drop at least: And who's'er thou be  
 That read'st these Lines; may thy desires see  
 The like success, if reading, thou forbear,  
 To wet this very Paper with a tear.*

Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time  
 Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime,

Who

Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,  
With deaths untimely image in her eyes.  
She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd  
With promis'd joys, lies grov'ling on the ground;  
Her weary hand sustains her drooping head;  
(*Too soft a Pillow for so hard a Bed*)  
Her eyes swoln up, as loth to see the light,  
That would discover so forlorn a sight:  
The flaxen wreath of her neglected hairs  
Stick fast to her pale Cheeks with dried tears;  
And at first blush, she seems, as if it were  
Some curious statue on a Sepulchre:  
Sometimes her briny Lips would whisper thus,

*My Argalus, my dearest Argalus:*  
And then they clos'd again, as if the one  
Had kiss'd the other, for that service done,  
In naming *Argalus*: Sometimes oppress'd  
With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting breast  
A sudden stroke; and after that another,  
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother!*  
And sick with her own thoughts, her passion strove  
Betwixt the two extremes of grief and love:  
The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded:  
The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded  
With despicable grief: at length, the tyrannous force  
Of love and grief, sent forth this self-discourse.

*How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) how hath passion*  
*Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion?*  
*Exil'd thy little judgment, and betray'd thee?*  
*To thine own self? How nothing hath it made thee?*  
*How is thy weather-beaten soul oppress'd*  
*With storms and tempests blown from the North east*  
*Of cold despair? Which, long ere this, had found*  
*Eternal rest; had been o'rewhelm'd and drown'd*  
*In the deep gulf of all my miseries,*  
*Had I not pump'd this water from mine eyes;*  
*My Argalus; O where, O where art thou?*  
*Thou little think'st thy poor Parthenia, now*  
*Is tortur'd for thy sake; alas, (dear heart!)*  
*Thou knowest not, th'unsufferable smart*

I undergo for thee: Thou dost not keep  
 A Register of these sad tears I weep,  
 No, no, thou dost not.  
 Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, do not spare  
 To do the worst thy active mischief dare;  
 Devise new torments, or repeat the old,  
 Until thou burst, or I complain: Behold,  
 As bitter; I disdain thy rage, thy power;  
 Who's level'd with the Earth, can fall no lower;  
 Do; spit thy venom forth, and temper all.  
 Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall:  
 Thy practis'd malice can no harm devise  
 Too sure for Argalus to exercise:  
 His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture  
 My sportful pastime, to make hours shorter:  
 His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room  
 Wherein your rage may practise Martyrdom.  
 But ere that word could usher out another,  
 The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,  
 Enters the Chamber; with a chang'd aspect  
 Beholds Parthenia; with a new respect  
 Salutes her child, and (having clos'd the door)  
 Her helpful arm removes her from the floor  
 Whereon she lay, and being set together,  
 In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her:

Perverse Parthenia, is thy heart so sworn  
 To Argalus his love, that it must scorn  
 Demag'ras? are your souls conjoyn'd so close,  
 That my enreaty may not interpose?  
 If so, what help? yet let a Mothers care  
 Be not contemn'd, that bids her child be ware.  
 The Sickles that stoop early, cannot reap  
 A fruitful Harvest; look before you leap.  
 Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,  
 You cannot measure Virtue in a day;  
 Virtues appear, but Vices balk the light;  
 'Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.  
 False are those joys that are not mixt with doubt,  
 Fire easily kindled, will not easily out:  
 Divide that love, which thou bestow'st on one,



'Tis twice two ; try both, then take the best or none :  
Consult with time ; for time betrays, discovers  
The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.

Acts done in haste, by leisure are repented,  
And things, soon past, are oft too late lamented.  
With that Parthenia rising from her place,  
And bowing with incomparable grace,  
Made this reply ; Madam, each several day

Since first you gave this body being, may  
Write a large volume of your tender care,  
Whose hourly goodness, if it should compare  
With my deserts, alas, the world would show  
Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe.

I must confess my heart is not so sworn  
To Argalus his merit, as to scorn

Demagoras ; nor yet so loosely tide,  
That I can slip the knot, and so divide  
Entire affection, which must not be sever'd,  
Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavor'd :  
My heart is one, and by one power guided :  
One is no number, cannot be divided :

And Cupid's learned Schoolmen have resolv'd,  
That love divided, is but love dissolv'd :

But yet, what plighted faith and honor may  
Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.

Madam, Parthenia's band is not so greedy,  
To reap her corn, before her corn be ready :

Her unadvised sickle shall not thrust  
Into her hopeful Harvest, ere needs must :

To yours, parthenia shall submit her skill,  
Whose season shall be season'd by your will :

Her time of Harvest shall admit no measure,  
But only what's proportioned by your pleasure.

So ended she ; but till that darkness got  
The mastery of the light, they parted not :  
The Mother pleads for the Laconian Lord ;  
The daughter (whose impatience had abhor'd  
His very name, had not her Mother spok't)  
He pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't :

Yet still the Mother pleads, and does omit  
 No way untry'd, that a hard-hearted wit  
 Knows to devise : perswades, allures, intreats,  
 Mingles her words w<sup>th</sup> smiles, with tears, w<sup>th</sup> threats  
 Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,  
 Does th' utmost that a marble-breasted Mother  
 Can do : and yet the more she did apply,  
 The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny,  
 The more she did assault, the more contend,  
 The more she taught the Virgin to defend :  
 At last, despairing (for her words did finde)  
 More hopes to move a Mountain than her minde)  
 She spake no more : but from her chair she started,  
 And spit these words, Go peevish Girl, and parted :  
 Away she flings, and finding no success  
 In her lost words, her fury did address  
 Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot :  
 Actions must now enforce, what words could not.  
 Treason is in her thoughts : her furious breath  
 Can whisper now no language under death :  
 Poor *Argalus* must die, and his remove  
 Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love :  
 And till that bar be broken, or put by,  
 No hope to speed : Poor *Argalus* must die.  
*Demagoras* is call'd to counsel now,  
 Consults, consents, and after mutual vow,  
 Resolving on the act, they both conspire  
 Which way to execute their close desire :  
 Drawing his keen *Steeletto* from his side,  
 Madam (said he) this medicine well apply'd  
 To *Argalus* his bosom, will give rest  
 To him, and me : the sudden way is best.  
 My Lord : your trembling hand (said she) may miss  
 The mark, and then your self in danger is  
 Of out-cry ; or perchance his own resistance :  
 Attempts are dangerous, at so small a distance :  
 A Drug's the better weapon, which doth breathe  
 Death's secret errand, carries sudden death  
 Clos'd up in sweetness : Come, a Drug strikes sure,  
 And works our ends, and yet we sleep secure :

My Lord, bethink no other: set your rest  
Upon these Cards: the surest way is best:  
Leave me to manage our successful Plot,  
And if these studious brows contrive it not  
Too sure for art of Magick to prevent,  
Ne'r trust a womans wit when fully bent  
To take revenge: Begone, my Lord, Repose  
The trust in me: Onely be wise, be close.

That night, when as the universal shade  
Of the unpangled Heaven and Earth, had made  
An utter darkness; (darkness apt to further  
The horrid enterprize of rapes, and murder)  
She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure  
A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,  
(*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom she thus bespake:

*Athleia*, dare thy private thoughts partake  
With mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy heart  
A lock, that none can pick by thee with art,  
Or break by force? tell me, canst thou digest  
A secret? trusted to thy faithful Brest?

Madam, (said she) Let me never be true  
To my own thoughts, if ever false to you:

Speak what you please; *Athleia* shall conceal;  
Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.

Reply'd the Lady then; *Athleia* knows  
How much, how much my dear affection ours  
*Partheniaes* heart, whose welfare is the crown  
Of all my joys, which now is overthrow'n,  
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,  
If thou betray the secret of my trust;  
It lieth in thy power to remove

Approaching evils: *Parthenia* is in love:  
Her wasted spirits languish in her brest,  
And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest:  
'Tis *Argalus* she loves; who with disdain  
Requies her love, not loving her again;  
He slights her tears; the more that he neglects:  
The more entirely she (poor soul) affects.  
She groans beneath the burthen of despair,  
And with her sighs she cloyes the idle air:

Thou art acquainted with her private fears,  
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,  
 Must know too much, for one poor heart to endure;  
 But desperate's the wound admits no cure:  
 It lies in thee to help: Athleia says.  
 Wilt thou assist me, If I find the way?

Madam, my forced ignorance shall be  
 Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:  
 Your Lips have utter'd nothing that is new  
 To Athleia's ears; alas, it is too true:  
 Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd  
 The same to you, had not these Lips been seal'd:  
 But if my best endeavors may extend  
 To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end,  
 Let all th'enraged Deities allot  
 To me worse torment, if I do it not:  
 My life's too poor to hazard for her ease;  
 Madam, I'll do't. Command me what you please.  
 So said: the treacherous Lady stept aside,  
 Into her serious closet; and apply'd  
 Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame  
 This forged Letter, in Parthenia's name.

To her faithful Argalus.

**A**lthough the malice of a Mother  
 Does yet enforce my tongue to smother  
 What my desire is, should flame;  
 Yet Parthenia's the same.  
 Although my fire be hid a while,  
 'Tis but fire slak'd with oyl:  
 Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,  
 It shall burn and blaze with all.

What I send thee, drink with speed.  
 Else let my Argalus take heed;  
 Unless thy providence withstand,  
 There is treason near at hand:  
 Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee  
 From future dangers, or from past, secure thee.

Thy constant Parthenia.

This

This done, and seal'd, she op'd her private door,  
 Call'd in *Athleia*, and said, for every sore  
 The gods provide a salve; force must prevail  
 Where sighs and tears, and deep entreaties fail.  
 Forthwith from out her Cabinet she took  
 A little glass, and said, *Athleia*; look,  
 Within these slender walls, these glazed lists  
*Parthenia's* happiness, and life consists:  
 It is *Nepenthe*; which the fabled gods  
 Do use to drink, when ere they be at odds;  
 Whose secret virtue (so insus'd by *Jove*.)  
 Does turn deep hatred, into dearest love;  
 It makes the proudest lover shine and bawl,  
 And such to dote, as never lov'd at all:  
 Here, take this glass, and recommend the same  
 To *Argalus* in his *Parthenia's* name,  
 And to his hand, to his own hand commit  
 This Letter; between *Argalus* and it  
 Let no eye come: Be sure thy speed prevent  
 The rising Sun; and so Heavens crown the event.

By this, the feather'd *Beltman* of the night  
 Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite  
 All eyes to slumber; when they both address  
 Their thoughtful mindes, to take a doubtful rest.

O Heavens! and you, O you celestial powers,  
 That never slumber, but employ all hours  
 In mine protection; still preserving, keeping  
 Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping,  
 O, can your all-discerning eyes behold  
 Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd?  
 O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure  
 To see your servant (that now sleeps secure,  
 Unarm'd, unworn'd, and having no defence,  
 But your protection, and his innocence)  
 Betray'd and murder'd, drawing at one breath  
 His own prepar'd destruction, his own death?  
 And will ye suffer'st? he that is the crown  
 Of priz'd virtue; honor, and renown;  
 The flower of Arts; the Cyprian living story:  
*Arcadia's* Garland, and great Greece's glory.

The Earths new wonder, and the worlds example,  
Must die betray'd ; Treason and Death must trample  
Upon his life ; and, in the dust must lie  
As much admir'd perfection, as can die.

No, Argalus, the coward hand of death,  
Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath  
The mask of love : Thou art above the reach

Of open wrongs ; mans force could ne'r make breach  
Into thy life : No, Death could ne'r uncase  
Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.

Dream, Argalus, and let thy thoughts be troubled  
With murders, treasons, let thy dreams be doubled :

And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,  
Be wisely superstitious, and believe.

O, that my lines could nake thee now, and sever  
Those eye-lids, that ere long must sleep for ever :

Wake now or never Argalus, and withstand  
Thy danger : Wake, the Murthress is at hand :

Parthenia, O Parthenia, who shall weep,

Thy world of tears ? Canst thou, O canst thou sleep ?

Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber ?

Does nothing trouble thee ? no dream incumber

Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus so near

His latest hour ? Not one dreaming tear ?

Sleep on : and when thy slattering slumber's past,

Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep as fast :

His death is plotted ; and this morning light

Must send him down, into eternal night :

Nay, what is worse than worst, his dying breath

Will censure thee, as Agent to his death.

By this, the broad fac'd Quirister of night  
Surceas'd her screeching note, and took her flight  
To the next neighboring Ivy : Birds and Beasts  
Forake the warm protection of their Nests,  
And nightly Dens, whilest darkness did display  
Her sable Curtains to let in the day ;  
When sad Athlessa's dream had unbenighted  
Her slumbring eies, her busie thoughts were frighted ;  
She rose, and trembled ; and being half distraught  
With her prophetick fears, she thus bestought.

What

What ails the gods thus to disturb my rest,  
And make such Earth-quakes in my troubled breast?  
Nothing but death, and murders? Graves and Bells,  
Frightning my fancy, with their hourly Knells?  
'Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams, they say,  
Expound themselves the clean contrary way:  
The Riddle's read; and now I understand  
My dreams intents: Some marriage is at hand:  
For Death interpreted is nothing else  
But Marriage; and the melancholly Bells  
Is mirth and musick: By the Grave, is read  
The joyful, joyful, joyful marriage bed:  
It is plain: and now, methinks, 'twas I  
That my prophetick dream foretold should die.  
If thou be death, Death exercise thy power,  
And let Athleia die within this hour:  
'Do, do thy worst, Athleia's faithful breath  
Shall pray for nothing more than sudden death.  
But stay, Athleia the too forward day  
'Begins to gild the East; away, away.

So having said, the nimble-fingered Lass  
Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glass:  
And to her early progress she applies her:  
Departs, and towards Argalus she hies her;  
But every step she took, her mind enforc'd  
New thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd:  
How frail's the nature of a womans will!  
How cross! The thing that's most forbidden, still  
They more desire; and least inclin'd to do,  
What they are most of all perswaded to:  
Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,  
Athleia ne'r had struggled with her bands:  
I must not taste it! Had she not injoin'd  
My Lips from tasting it, Athleia's minde  
Had never thought on't; now methinks I long;  
Desires, if once confin'd, become too strong  
For womans conquer'd reason to resist:  
A womans reason's measur'd by her list.  
I long to taste; yet was there nothing did  
Moue my desire, but that I was forbid.

With that she staid her weary steps, and hasted  
T'untie the glass; lift up her arm, and tasted:  
That done (and having now attain'd, almost,  
Her journeys end) the little time she lost,  
New speed regains; The nimble ground she traces  
With double haste, and quick redoubled paces,  
All on a sudden she begins to faint:  
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:  
Her blistred tongue grows hot, her liver glows:  
Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,  
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:  
Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives  
His longer life, and by her death he lives;  
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot.  
Such morning-draughts, to those that love thee not,  
Live long, and let the righteous Powers above,  
That hath preserv'd thee for *Parthenias* love,  
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes with event  
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.  
By this time, did the lavish breath of Fame  
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclaim  
*Athlias* death; the current of which news  
Truth's warrant, had forbidden to abuse  
Deceived ears: Which when the Lady heard,  
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd  
To entertain a murder, she arose  
And with rude violence desperately throws  
Her trembling body on the naked floor,  
But what she said, and did, I will deplore,  
Not utter; but with forced silence smother,  
Because she was the fair *Parthenias* Mother:  
May it suffice that the extreams of shame,  
And unresisted sorrow overcame  
Her disappointed malice, less lamenting  
The treason, than success; and more repenting  
Of what she fail'd to do, than what she did,  
Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid  
What reason wants the power to perswade;  
And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade.

she



She sinks; and with a hollow sigh she cried,  
*Welcome thou easer of all evils, and died.*

Now tongues begin to walk; and every ear  
Hath got the *Satyras* to hear  
This tragick Scene: the breath of *Fame* grows bold,  
Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd:  
Whilest loud report (whose tender Lips, before,  
Durst onely whisper now begins to roar;  
The Letter found in dead *Ableiaes* breast,  
Betray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest,  
Is now confirm'd and clear'd: for all men knew  
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

But have we lost *Parthenia*? In what Isle  
Of endless sorrow lurks she all this while?  
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear  
Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a tear:  
Excuse my silence: if my lines should speak,  
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would break;  
No, leave her to her self; it is not fit  
To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:  
Leave this task to those, that take delight,  
To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despite  
Of all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife  
To paint a torment to the very life;  
Leave that task to such, as have the pow'r  
To weep, and smile again within an hour:  
To those whose flinty hearts are more contented  
To lim a grief, than pity the tormented:  
Let it suffice, that had not Heaven protect'd  
Her *Argalus*, the joy whereof correct'd  
That furious grief, which passion recommended  
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended  
When time (the enemy of *Fame* had clos'd  
Her babling Lips, and gently had compos'd  
Her *Parthenias* sorrows, raising from the ground  
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd.  
In her own tears, a long expected Seaman  
Of better fortune enters in, to drean.  
Her marsh eyes: her stormy night of tears  
Being past, a welcome day of joy appears,

The Rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now  
 Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.  
 Reader, forget thy sorrows; Let thine ear  
 Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear:  
 A Lovers diet's sweet commixt with sorrow:  
 His Hell and Heaven oft times divides an hour.

Now *Argalus* can finde a fair access  
 To his *Parthenia*: Now fears nothing less  
 Than ears and eyes; and now *Parthenia's* heart  
 Can give her tongue the freedom to impart  
 His louder welcome, whilest her greedy eye  
 Can look her fill, and fear no stander by:  
 She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;  
 And he not *Argalus*, if not together: (chat  
 Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles; their tongues with  
 Now, this they make their subject; and now, that:  
 One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too,  
 And jar, as zealous lovers use to do:  
 And then a kiss must make them friends again:  
 Faith, one's too little; Lovers must have twain:  
 Two brings in ten, Ten multiplies to twenty:  
 That, to a hundred; then because the plenty  
 Grows troublesome to count, and does incumber  
 Their lips, their lips gave kisses without number:  
 Their thoughts run back to former times; they told  
 Of all loves passages they had of old:  
 Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why:  
 The manner how, and who were present by:  
 The Mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion.  
 Her baited words, her marble disposition:  
 His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears:  
 His soliloquies, and her secret tears:  
 Where first they met, th'occasion of their meeting:  
 Their complement, the manner of their greeting:  
 His danger, his deliverance, and the reason  
 That first induc'd the Agents to the Treason.  
 Thus by the privilege of time and leisure  
 Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual pleasure  
 Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,  
 And after, grumble at the envious night,

Which

Which bids them part too soon : what day deny'd  
In words, in thoughts the tedious night supply'd,  
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,  
To make the day so short, the night so long.

But now the little winged-god repented  
That he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented,  
His very soul grew sad, his blinded eye  
Began to weep at his own tyranny :  
Laments their sorrows : findes a secret way,  
To make the night as pleasing as the day :  
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear discovers  
The lingring torments of these wounded Lovers :  
Gives him a charge no longer to defer,  
T'ingross their names within his Register.  
And now *Parthenia's* Harvest draweth near :  
(The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)  
Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown.  
The time's appointed, and the day's set down,  
Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his nuptial bands,  
Shall joyn together their espoused hands.  
Here stop my Muse : retire thy self and stay,  
To gather breath against the *Marriage-day*.

*Reader, the joyful Bride salutes ye all,  
In her behalf, if any have let fall  
A tender tear, to those she makes request,  
That they'll be pleas'd to grace her Marriage Feast.*

---

*Argalus*

---

TH  
U  
Fo  
U  
Ch  
Sa  
To  
For  
Th  
In  
An  
T  
O,  
No  
Th  
To  
Th  
To

# Argalus and Parthenia.

## The second Part.

**S**ail gentle Pinnace: Now the Heavens  
are clear,  
The Winds blow fair: Behold the Har-  
bor's near.  
Tridented Neptune hath forgot to frown  
The Rocks are past: The storm is over-blown.  
Up weather beaten Voyagers, and rouse ye,  
For sake your loathed Cabbins: Up and louse ye  
Upon the open Decks, and smell the Land:  
Chear up, the welcome Shore is near at hand:  
Sail gentle Pinnace, with a prosperous gale,  
To th' Isle of Peace: Sail, gentle Pinnace, sail:  
Fortune conduct thee! Let thy keel divide  
The Silver streams, that thou maist safely slide  
Into the bosome of thy quiet Key,  
And quit thee fairly of th'injurious Sea.

Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee power  
To assist poor Suppliants, grant one happy hour:  
O, let these wounded Lovers be possess'd,  
At length, of their so long desired rest.  
Now, now the joyful marriage-day draws on:  
The Bride is busie, and the Bridegroom's gone  
To call his fellow Princes to the feast:  
The Garland's made: The Bridal Chamber's dress'd:  
The Muses have consulted with the Graces,  
To crown the day, and honor their embraces

E

With

With shadow'd *Epithalms*: their warbling tongues  
 Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs:  
*Hymen* begins to grumble at delay,  
 And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;  
 The Virgin-rapers, and what other rights  
 Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights  
 Are all prepar'd, whereby may be exprest  
 The joyful triumph of this marriage-feast.  
 But stay! who lends me now an lion Pen,  
 To engrave within the Marble hearts of Men  
 A Tragick Scene? Which whosoe'r shall read,  
 His eyes may spare to weep, and learn to bleed  
 Carnatian tears: If time shall not allow  
 His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,  
 Then let his dying language recommend  
 What's left to his posterity to end.

Thou saddest of all *Muses*, come, afford  
 Thy studious help, that each consuming word  
 May rend a heart (at least) that every Line  
 May pickle up a Kingdom in the Brine  
 Of her own tears: O, teach me how to extract  
 The spirit of grief, whose virtue may abstract  
 Those vixtts, which sorrow knows not how to kill,  
 Inspire, O, inspire my melting quill;  
 And, like sad *Niobe*, let every one  
 That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone:  
 Teach me to paint an oft repeated sigh  
 So to the life, that whosoe'r be nigh,  
 May hear it breathe, and learn to do the like  
 By imitation, till true passion strike  
 Their bleeding hearts: Let such as shall rehearse  
 This story, how like *Irish* at a Hearse.

Th'event still crowns the act: Let no man say,  
 Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day:

For when the *Kalends* of this Bridal feast  
 Were entred in, and every longing brest  
 Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes  
 (Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)  
 Were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd  
 With that, which Art and honor had devis'd

T'adorn

To adorn the times withal, and to display  
 Their bounty, and the glory of that day,  
 The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion  
 To bless her busie thoughts, with contemplation  
 Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay  
 Made minutes seem as days, and every day  
 A measur'd age: into her secret bower  
 Betook her weary steps, where every hour  
 Her greedy ears expect to hear the sum  
 Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.  
 She hopes, she fears at once; and still she muses  
 What makes him stay so long; she chides, excuses;  
 She questions, answers, and she makes reply,  
 And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by:  
*Why com'st thou not? Can Argalus forget  
 His languishing Parthenia? What not yet?*  
 But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,  
 Which seem'd, as if it were the whispering voice  
 Of close conspiracy: She began to fear  
 She knew not what, till her deceived ear  
 (Instructed by her hopes) had singled out  
 The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;  
 Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,  
 By stealth to seize upon her unaware:  
 She gave advantage to the thriving plot,  
 Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not:  
 Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken  
 The warm protection of their nest, or taken  
 Uoon themselves, a self-providing care,  
 To shift for food, but with paternal fare)  
 Grow fat and plump, think every noise they hear,  
 Their full-cropt-parents are at hand to chear  
 Their craving stomachs; whilst th'impatient fist  
 Of the false Cater, rifling where it list,  
 In every hole, surprises them, and sheds  
 Their guiltless blood, and parts their gasping heads  
 From their vain struggling bodies; so, even so,  
 Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe  
 Too much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes  
 Were set to welcome the unvalued prize

Of all her joys, her dearest *Argalus*,  
Stept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus :

*Base Trull*, *Demagoras* comes to let thee see,  
How much he scorns thy painted face, and thee :  
*Foul Scurf* ! could thy prosperous actions think  
To 'scape revenge, because the gods did wink  
At thy designs ? Think'st thou thy Mothers blood  
Cries in a language, not to be understood ?  
Hadt thou no closer stratagem, to further  
Thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage murder  
Of thine own aged parent, whose sad death  
Must give a freedom to the whispering breath  
Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer ? who (they say)  
Will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage day :  
Nay struggle not, here's none that can retrieve  
Such pounded beasts : It is in vain to strive,  
Or roar for help ; Why dost not rather weep  
That I may laugh ? perchance, if thou wilt crie  
Upon thy wanton Belly, and confess  
Thy self a true repentant Murd'ress,  
My sinful Page may play the fool, and gather  
Thy early fruit into the Barn, and father  
The new got Cyprian Bastard, if that he  
Be half so wise, that got it, but to flee :  
Hah ! dost thou weep ? or do false misse but mock  
Abused eyes ? from so obdure a Rock  
Can water flow ? Weeping will make thee fair ;  
Weep till thy marriage-day ; that who repair  
To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,  
And, in a mirror, see what tears can do.  
*Vile Strumpet* ! did thy flattering thoughts e're wrong  
Thy judgment so ; to think, *Demagoras* tongue  
Could so defile his honor, as to sue  
For serious love ? so base a thing as you  
(Methinks should rather fix your wanton eyes  
Upon some easie Groom, that hopes to rise  
Into his master's favor for your sake :  
I, this had been preferment, like to make  
A hopeful fortune : Thou presumptuous trull ?  
What was my courtship, but the minutes dash



Of youthful passion, to allay the dust  
Of my desires, and exuberous lust?  
I scorn thee to the soul, and here I stand  
Bound for revenge, where to I set my hand.

With that he grip'd her rudely by the fair  
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair:  
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floor:  
He stop't her mouth, for fear she should implore  
An aid from Heaven: she swooning in the place,  
His salvage hands besmear'd her liveless face  
With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,  
He left her breathless, and away he fled.

Come, come ye furies, you malignant spirits,  
Infernal Harpies, or what else inherits  
The Land of darkness; you that still converse  
With damned souls; you, you that can rehearse  
The horrid facts of villains, and can tell  
How every Hell-hound looks, that roars in Hell,  
Survey them all; and, then inform my Pen,  
To draw in one, the monster of all Men:  
Teach me to limb a villain, and to paint  
With dextrous art, the basest Sycophant  
That ere the mouth of insolent disdain  
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon: The putrid Blain  
Of all diseased humors, fit for none  
But Dogs to lift their nasty legs upon:  
So clear mens eyes, that whoso'er shall see  
The type of baseness, may cry, this is he:  
Let his reproach be a perpetual blot

In honors Book: Let his remembrance rot  
In all good minds: Let none but villains call  
His Bug bear name to memory, where withall  
To fright their bawling Bastards: Let no spell  
Be found more potent, to prevail in Hell,  
Than the nine Letters of his charm-like name:  
Which, let our bashful Chris cross-rom disclaim,  
To the worlds end, not worthy to be set  
In any but the Jewish Alphabet.

But heark! Am I deceiv'd: Or do I hear  
The voice of *Arg'us* sounding in mine ear?

He calls *Parthenia*: No, that Tongue can be  
 No counterfeit: He's come: 'tis he, 'tis he.  
 Welcome too late, that art now come too soon:  
 Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne'r been done,  
 Alas! when lovers linger, and out-go  
 Their promis'd Date, they know not what they do:  
 Men fondly say, That women are too fond  
 At parting: to require so strict a Bond  
 For quick return: Poor souls! 'Tis they endure  
 Oft times the danger of the forfeiture:  
 I blame them not: For mischief still attends  
 Upon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about  
 In every room to finde *Parthenia* out:  
 He asks, inquires, but all Lips are sparing  
 To be the Authors of ill news, not daring  
 To speak the truth: they all amazed stand:  
 And now my Lord's as fearfu: to demand;  
 Dares not enquire her health lest his sad ear  
 Should hear such words, as he's afraid to hear:  
 All Lips are bolted with a Linnen Bar,  
 And every eye does, like a Blazing-Star,  
 Portend some evil; no Language findes a Leak:  
 The less they speak, the more he fears to speak.  
 Faces grow sad, and every private ear  
 Is turn'd a Closet for the whisperer:  
 He walks the room; and like an unknown stranger,  
 They eye him: from each eye, he picks a danger.  
 At last his Lips not daring t'importune  
 What none dare tell him, unexpected *Fortune*  
 Leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,  
 A place more black than night: No sooner come,  
 But he was welcom'd with a sigh, as deep,  
 As a spent heart can give: He heard one weep,  
 And by the noise of groans and sobs, was led  
 (Having no other guide) to the sad Bed.

Who's (said he) that calls untimely night  
 To hide those griefs that thou abjure the light?  
 With that, as if her heart had rent in two,  
 She pass a sigh, and said, O ask not this.

Book 2. *Argalus and Parthenia.*

Urge not my tongue to make a fore'd Reply  
To your demand. Alas! It is not I.

Not I (said he) What language do I here?  
Darkness may stop mine eye, but not mine ear:

It is my dear Partheniaes voice, *Alas!*

And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be?

What means this word, (*Alas! It is not I!*)

What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny

Thy self? or what can Argalus then claim,

If this Parthenia be not the same

She was? *Alas!* it seems to me all one

To say, Thou art not hers, that's not her own

Can hills forget their pondrous bulk, and stie

Like wandring Atoms in the empty skie?

Or can the Heavens (grow idle) not fulfill

Their certain revolutions, but stand still,

And leave their constant motion for the wind

To inherit? Can Parthenia change her mind?

Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove

Ere my Parthenia falsifie her love:

Unfold thy Riddle then; and tell me, why

Those Lips should say, *Alas! It is not I!*)

Wherein she thus reply'd: O do not thou

So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once I allow,

That cursed name a room within thy breast,

Let not so foul a prodigy be blest

With thy lost breath: Let it be held a sin

Too great for pardon, e'ert name't agen:

Let darkness hide it in eternal night:

May it be clad with horror to affright

A desprate conscience: He that knows not how

To mouth a curse, O let him practise now

Upon this name: Let him that would contract

The body of all mischief, or extract

The quint'ssence of a sorrow, onely claim

A secret priviledge to use that name:

Far be it from thy language, to commit

So foul a sin, as once to mention it:

Live happy Arg'lus; do not thou partake

In these my miseries: O forbear to make

My burden greater, by the tender sorrow:  
 Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow  
 Thy needles help: O be not thou so cruel,  
 To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel:  
 Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart  
 Usurp my stage, and act Parthenia's part?  
 It is my proper task: What, dost thou mean,  
 Without my Licence, to intrude my Scene?  
 Alas! thy sorrows ease not my distress;  
 God knows, I weep not one poor tear the less:  
 My Patent's sign'd and past, whereby appears  
 That I have got the Monopoly of tears,  
 In me let each mans torment finde an end:  
 I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend:  
 Let all spent mourners, that can weep no more,  
 Take tears on trust, and set them on my score.  
 And as she spake that word, his heart not able  
 To bear a language so unsufferable,  
 But being swoln so big, must either break,  
 Or vent, his conquer'd reason grew too weak  
 T'oppose his quickned passion (like a man  
 Transported from himself) he thus began:

Accursed darkness! Thou sad type of death!  
 Infernal Hag, whose dwelling is beneath!  
 What means thy boldness to usurp this room,  
 And force a night, before the night be come:  
 Get, get thee down, and keep within thy lists:  
 Go revel there, and hurl thy hideous mists  
 Before those cursed eyes, that take delight  
 In utter darkness, and abhor the light;  
 Return thee to thy Dungeon, whence thou came,  
 And hide those faces, whose infernal flame  
 Call for more darkness, and whose tortur'd souls  
 Crave the protection of th'obscurest boles,  
 To scape from lashes, and avoid those strict  
 And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict:  
 But if thou needs must ramble here, about,  
 Go to some other Climate, and remove  
 Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,  
 That hate thy tyranny: Go exercise

Thy power in Groves, and solitary Springs,  
 Where Bats are subjects, and where Owls are Kings:  
 Go to the Graves, and fill those empty rooms,  
 That such as slumber in their silent tombs  
 May blest thy welcome shades, and lie possess'd  
 Of undisturbed and eternal rest:  
 Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire  
 To haunt the living, kisse thee, and retire  
 Into some Cloyster, and stand there between  
 The light, and those that faine would sin, unseen;  
 Assist them there; and let thy ugly shapes,  
 Countenance close treasons, and incestuous rapes:  
 Benight those rooms; and aid all such as fear  
 The Eye of Heaven: Go, close thy Curtains there,  
 We need thee not, (foul Witch) away, away;  
 Thou hid'st more beauty than the noon of day  
 Can give; O thou, that hast so rudely hurl'd  
 On this dark bed the glory of the world.

So said, abruptly he the room departs,  
 His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upstarts  
 Like quills of porcupines, and from his eye  
 Quick flashes like the flames of Lightning flie:  
 He calls for light; the light no sooner come,  
 But his own hand conveys it to the room  
 From whence he came, and as he entred in  
 He blest himself; he blest himself again,  
 Thrice did he blest himself, and after said,

Foul Witch be gone, and let thy dismal shade,  
 Forsake this place: Let thy dark fogs obey  
 Great Vulcans charge; in Vulcans name, away:  
 Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaim  
 His sovereignty, in my Parthenia's name  
 I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out,  
 He stept to that sad bed, where round about,  
 Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkness did  
 Command that such a Jewel should be hid:  
 His left hand held the taper, and his right  
 Enforc'd the Curtains, to absolve the light:  
 Which done, appear'd before his wond'ring eye  
 The truest portrait of deformity,

As ere the Sun beheld : that lovely face  
 That was of late the model of all grace  
 And peerless beauty, whose imperious eyes  
 Ravish'd where ere they lookt, and did surpris'd  
 The very souls of men, (he, she, of whom  
 Nature her self was proud, is now become  
 So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,  
 As darkness, for mans sake, was well advis'd  
 To cloath in mists, lest any were incited  
 To see that face, and so depart affrighted.  
 All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found  
 It was no dream, he fell upon the ground.  
 And rav'd, and rose again, stood still, and gaz'd ;  
 At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd :  
 Looks now upon the light, and now on her,  
 One while his tired fancy does refer  
 His thoughts to silence ; as his thoughts increase,  
 His passion strives for vent, and breaks that peace  
 Which conquer'd Reason had of late concluded,  
 And thus began : *Are these false eyes deluded ?  
 Or have enchanted mists, slept in between  
 My abused eyes, and what my eyes have seen ?  
 No, mischief cannot act so fair a part,  
 T' affright in jest, it goes beyond the art  
 Of all black Books, to mask with such disguise  
 So sweet a face : I know that these are eyes,  
 And this a light : False mists could never be  
 Betwixt my poor Parthenia, and me.*

*Accursed Taper ! what infernal effright  
 Breath'd in thy face ? what fury gave thee light ?  
 Thou imp of Phlegeton ; who'st thou thee in  
 To force a day, before the day begin ?  
 Who brought thee hither ? I ? did I ? From whom,  
 What lean-chapt Fury did I snatch thee from ?  
 When as this cursed hand did go about  
 To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?  
 Be all such Tapers cursed for thy sake ;  
 Ne'r shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake ;  
 Be never seen, but when as sorrow calls  
 Thy needful help to nightly funerals ;*

Be at a May-game for th' amazed Bar  
 To sport about; and Owls to wonder at:  
 Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,  
 To fright the Sexton from his Tassing Bell:  
 Give light to none but treasons, and be hid  
 In their dark lanthorns: Let all mirth forbid  
 Thy tr. acherous flames the room: and if that none  
 Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone:  
 Attend some Miser's table, and then waste  
 Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste;  
 Burn dim for ever: Let that flatt'ring light  
 Thou feed'st, consume thy stock, be banisht quite  
 From Cupid's Court: When lovers go about  
 Their stolen pleasures, let your flames go out:  
 Henceforth be useful to no other end,  
 But only to burn day-light, or attend  
 The midnight Cups of such as shall resign  
 With usury their undigested Wines:  
 Why dost thou burn so clear? Alas! these eyes  
 Discern too much: thy wanton blaze doth rise  
 Too high a pitch: thou burn'st too bright for such  
 As see no comfort: O thou shin'st too much:  
 Why dost thou vex me? Is thy flame so stout  
 To endure thy breath? this breath shall puff thee out:  
 Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguish'd, never  
 To be reviv'd: Thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, transported with a furious haste,  
 He blew it out: but mark, that very blast  
 (As if it meant on purpose, to disclaim)  
 His desp'rate thoughts reviv'd th'extinguish'd flame.  
 He stands amaz'd, and having mus'd a while,  
 Beholds the Taper, and begins to smile.

And can the gods themselves (said he) contrive  
 A way for hope? Can my past joys revive,  
 Like this rekindled fire; if they do,  
 He curse my lips (bright Lamp) for cursing you,  
 Eternal Fates! deal fairly; dally not:  
 If your hid volunities have reserv'd a lot  
 Beyond my wained hope, be it express'd  
 In an open view; make haste, and do your best;

But if your justice be determin'd so  
 To exercise your vengeance on my wo,  
 Strengthen not what at length you mean to burst;  
 Strike home betimes; dispatch, and do your worst;  
 That burthen is too great for him to bear,  
 That's evenly poised betwixt hope and fear.

And there he stopt; as fearing to molest  
 The silent peace of her dissembled rest.  
 He gaz'd upon her; stood as in a trance:  
 Sometimes her lively hand he would advance  
 To his sad Lips; then steal it down agen:  
 Sometimes, a tear would fall upon't, and then  
 A sigh must dry it; every kifs did bear  
 A sigh, and every sigh begat a tear:  
 He kist, he sigh'd, he wept, and, for a space,  
 He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,  
 And in a whispering language, he disburs'd  
 His various thoughts; thus, with himself discours'd

And were the Sun-beams of those eies too fierce  
 For mortal view? Or did those fires disperse  
 Flames too consuming for th'amaz'd beholder?  
 Or did thy youth make treason e'er the bolder  
 To stain that brow; and by a midnight theft,  
 To steal more beauty than the day had left?

Or did that blinde, that childish god descry  
 A kinde of twilight from that heavenly eie,  
 Which, over bright, he sought to make more dim  
 By blurring that, which else had blasted him?

Or did the Sea-born goddess Queen repine  
 To see her Star out-shone so much by thine?  
 And fill'd with rage, and envious despight,  
 Sent down a cloud's eclipse so fair a light?

Or did the wiser Deities foresee  
 This likely danger; that when men should see  
 So bright a Lamp; fearing they should commit  
 Such sweet Idolatry, benighted it?

Or did the too too careful gods conspire  
 A god for man, transcending mans desire,  
 And knowing such an eie too bright for any,  
 Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many?



If so they meant, they might have been more kind  
To save that beauty, and have struck us blind.

Before the sound of his last breath was gone  
(Her speech being marshal'd with a powerful groan  
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng  
Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue  
Wept forth these words: Thus fleet, thus transitory  
Human delight, and all that painted glory,  
Thou Earth can give: Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,  
Can quit the debt, that necessary duty  
They owe to Change and Time; but like a flower,  
They flourish no vv, and fade vv within an hour:  
The World's compos'd of change, there's nothing stiaies  
At the same point; all alters, all deciaies:  
The World is like a Play, vvhere every age  
Conclude, her Scene, and so departs the stage;  
And vvhen Times hasty hour-glass is run,  
Change strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done.  
Who asks the King to day, by chance of lot,  
Perchance to morrow begs, and blunders not:  
Whose beauty vvvas ador'd e'r night, next morning  
May find a face, like mine, not vvorth the scorning:  
Look vvhere vvve list, there's nothing to the eye  
Seems truly constant, but Inconstancy.

Most dear Parthenia, (Argalus repli'd)  
Had thy deceived eye but slept aside,  
And lookt upon thy Atgalus his brest;  
I know, I know, thy language had profess'd  
Another faith: Thy Lips had ne'r let flie,  
At unawares. so gras an Heresie:  
Tvv not the change of favor, that can change  
My heart; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange  
My best affections, so for ever fixt  
On thee, nothing but death can come betvvixt  
My soul and thine: If I had lov'd thy face,  
Thy face alone; my fancy had given place,  
Er this, to fresh desires, and attended  
Upon new fortunes; and the old had ended.  
If I had lov'd thee for thy heavenly eye,  
I might have courted the bright Majestie

Of Titan: if thy curious Lips had snar'd  
 My lick'rish thoughts, I might have soon prepar'd  
 A blushing Corral, or some full ripe Cherry,  
 And pleas'd my Lips, until my Lips were weary;  
 Or if the smoothness of thy whiter brow  
 Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow  
 To outward objects, polish'd Marble might  
 Have given as much content, as much delight;  
 In brief, had Argalus his flatter'd eyes  
 Been pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,  
 Thy curious picture might have then suppli'd  
 My wants, more full, than all the world beside:  
 No, no; 'twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,  
 Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me, why  
 To love Parthenia: 'twas thy better part,  
 (Which mischief could not wrong,) surpris'd my heart.  
 Thy beauty was but like a Crystal case,  
 Through which, the Jewel of admired grace  
 Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make  
 Me love the Casket for the Jewels sake;  
 No, no, my well-advised eye pierc'd in  
 Beyond the film; sunk deeper than the skin:  
 Else had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty  
 I owe my vows, had faded with thy beauty:  
 Nay, weep not my Parthenia; let those tears  
 Ne'er avail that loss, which a few after years  
 Had claim'd as due; cheer up, thou hast forsaken  
 But that, which sickness would (perchance) have taken  
 With greater disadvantage; or else age.  
 That common evil, which Art cannot assuage;  
 Beauties but bare opinion: White and Red  
 Have no more privilege, than what is bred  
 By humane fancy, which was ne'er confin'd  
 To certain bounds, but varies like the Wind:  
 What one man likes, another disrespects;  
 And what a third most hates, a fourth affects:  
 The Negroes eye thinks black beyond compare,  
 And what would fright us most, they count most fair:  
 If then opinion be the touch, whereby  
 All beauties tried; Parthenia, in my eye.

Out-shines fair Helen, or who else shall be,  
 That is more rich in beauties wealth than she;  
 Hear up: the sovereignty of thy worth in franchises  
 Thy captive beauty; and thy virtue blanches  
 These stains of fortune: Come, it matters not  
 What others think: A Letter's but a blot  
 To such as cannot read; but, who have skill,  
 Can know the fair impression of a Quill,  
 From gross and heedless blurs; and such can think  
 No Paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink:  
 What others hold a blemish in thy face,  
 My skilful eyes read characters of grace:  
 What hinders then, but that without delay,  
 Triumph may celebrate our nuptial day?  
 She that hath only virtue to her guide,  
 Though wanting beauty, is the fairest Bride.

A Bride? (said she) such Brides as I, can have  
 No fitter Bridal Chamber than a Grave:  
 Death is my Bridegroom; and to welcome Death,  
 My loyal heart shall plight a second faith:  
 And when that day shall come, that joyful day  
 Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay  
 The heat of all my sorrows, and conjoyn  
 My pale fac'd Bridegrooms tingring hand with mine,  
 These Ceremonies, and these Triumphs shall  
 Attend the day to grace that day withal.

Time with his empty Hour-glass shall lead,  
 The triumph on, his winged Hoof shall tread  
 Slow paces: After him there shall ensue  
 The chaste Diana with her Virgin crew,  
 All crown'd with Cypress Garlands: after whom  
 Frank, th'impartial Destinies shall come:  
 Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawn  
 With harness Virgins veil'd with purest Linn,  
 The Bride shall sit; Despair and Grief shall stand  
 Like heartless Bride-maids upon either hand:  
 Upon the Chariot top, there shall be plac'd  
 The little winged god with arm unbrac'd,  
 And Bow unbent: his drooping wings must hide  
 His naked knees, his Quiver by his side

Must be unarm'd, and either hand must hold  
 A Banner, where with Characters of Gold  
 Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye  
 To read that runs) Faith, Love, and Constancy.  
 Next after, Hope, in a discoloured Weed,  
 Shall sadly march alone: A slender Reed  
 Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand  
 A broken Anchor all besmear'd with sand.  
 And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear  
 Like Joves Lieutenant, and bring up the rear,  
 He shall be mounted on a Coal black Steed,  
 His hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed  
 A pierced heart, wherein a former wound  
 Which Cupid's Javelin utter'd, shall be found.  
 When as these Triumphs shall adorn our feast,  
 Let Argalus be my invited guest,  
 And let him bid me Nuptial Joy: from whom  
 I once expected all my joys should come.

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good  
 To wear death's colours; or as if his blood  
 Had been employed to condole the smart  
 And torment of his poor afflicted heart,  
 He thus bespake: Unhappiest of all men,  
 Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?  
 Unequal chance? Had it been flesh and blood,  
 I could have grappled, and (perchance) withstood:  
 Some stout encounters: had an armed host  
 Of Mortal Rivals ventur'd to have cross'd  
 My best desires; my Parthenia's eye  
 Had given me power to make that army fly,  
 Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf; but thou,  
 Before whose presence all must stoop and bow  
 Their servile necks, what Weapon shall I hold  
 Against thy hand that will not be control'd?  
 Great enemy: whose Kingdom's in the dust,  
 And darke some Caves: I know that thou art just;  
 Else had the gods ne'er trusted to thy hand  
 So great a priviledge, so large command  
 And jurisdiction o'er the lives of men,  
 To kill, and save even whom they please, and when:

O, suffer not Partheniaes ramping tears  
To move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted ears  
Be deaf to all her sutes: If she profess  
Affection to thee, believe nothing less:  
She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymens bands  
Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands;  
Where plighted faith, and Sacro-sanctious vow  
Hath given possession, dispossess not thou:  
Be just, and though her briny lips bewail  
Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail.  
Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not dijoin.

I am Partheniaes, and Parthenia's mine;  
Alas! we are but one; Then thou must either  
Refuse us both: or else, take both together.

My dear Parthenia, let no cloudy passion  
Of dull despair molest thee; or unsation  
Thy letter thoughts, to make thy troubled mind:  
Either forgetful, or thy self unkind:  
Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay:  
My love hath wings, and breaks no long delay;  
It hovers up and down, and cannot rest,  
Till it light, and perch upon thy breast.  
Torment not him, within these lingring fires,  
That's wrackt already on his own desires:  
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,  
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand:  
And what our plighted hearts, and mutual vow  
Have so long since begun! O finish now;  
That our imperfect, and half-pleasures may  
Receive perfection by a marriage day.

Whereto, she thus: Had the pleas'd gods above  
Forgiv'n my faults, and made me fit for Jove  
Tabless at large; Had all the powers of Heaven  
(To boast thou most of their bounty) given  
As great addition to my slender fortune  
As they could give, or covetous mind importune,  
I vow to Heaven, and all those heavenly Powers,  
They should no sooner been made mine, but yours;  
Nay had my fortunes staid, but at the rate  
They were; had I remained in that state

I was; (although at best unworthy far  
Of such a peerless blessing as you are)  
My dear acceptance should have fill'd my heart  
As full of joys, as now it is of smart:

But, as I am, let angry Jove then vent  
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent  
And when I roar, let Heaven my pains divide,  
When I match Argalus, to such a Bride:  
Live happy Argalus, let thy soul receive  
What blessing poor Parthenia cannot have:  
Live happy: May thy joys be never done,  
But let one blessing draw another on:  
O may thy better Angel watch and ward  
Thy soul; and pitch an everlasting guard  
About the portals of thy tender heart,  
And shewre down blessings where'so'er thou art:  
Let all thy joys be as the Month of May,  
And all thy days be as a marriage day:  
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled mind  
Be strangers to thee; let them never find  
Thy heart at home: Let Fortune still allot  
Such lawless guests to those that love thee not:  
And let those blessings, which shall wanting be  
To such as merit none, alight on thee.

That mutual faith, betwixt us that of late  
Kath past, I gave thee freedom to translate  
Upon the merits of some fitter spouse;  
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows;  
I call the gods to witness, nothing shall  
More bless my soul, no comfort can befall  
More truly welcome to me, than to see  
My Argalus (what e'er become of me)  
Satinckt in wedlock, at shall most augment  
His greater honor, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tide  
Of tears o'erwhelm'd her language, and deny'd  
A passage; but when Passion's flood was spent,  
She thus proceeds: You gods, if you are bent  
To act my Tragedy, why do you wrong  
Our patience so, to make the Play so long?

Your Scenes are tedious; 'Gainst the rules of art,  
 You dwell too long, too long upon one part,  
 Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,  
 One simple Maid amongst so many gods;  
 And not be conquer'd yet? Conjoyn your might,  
 And send her soul into eternal night,  
 That lives too long a day: I'll not resist;  
 Provided you strike home, strike where ye list.  
 Accursed be that day, wherein these eyes  
 First saw the light; let dissp'rate souls debase  
 A curse sufficient for it: Let the Sun  
 N'r shine upon it; and what e'ers begun  
 Upon that fatal day, let Heaven forbid it  
 Success, if not t'ensnare the hand that did it.  
 Why was I born? Or, being born, O why  
 Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby  
 (Even whilst my Lips were hanging on her breast)  
 Sing her poor Babe to everlasting rest?  
 O then my infant-soul had never known  
 This world of grief, beneath whose weight I groan;  
 No, no, it had not: He that dies in's prime,  
 Speeds a long business in a little time.

But Argalus (whose more extream desire,  
 Unapt to yield, like water-sprinkled fire,  
 Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,  
 Gave thus an on-set to a further tryal.

Life of my soul; by whom, next Heaven, I breathe;  
 Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death:  
 How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand  
 My misery instead, when art thy band,  
 And nothing but thy helping hand can give me  
 Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me?  
 Strange kind of charitie, when being afflicted,  
 I find best wishes, yet am interdicted  
 Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd  
 From Love's enjoyment; why? Because belov'd.  
 Alas! alas! how can thy wishes be  
 Ablesting to me, if unblest in thee?  
 Thy beautie's gone, (thou'st saiest) why, let it go;  
 It loves but ill, that loves but for a show;

Thy beauty is suppli'd in my affection,  
 That never yet was slave to a complexion.  
 Shall every day, wherein the Earth does lack  
 The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?  
 Or shall thy over curious steps forbear  
 A Garden 'cause there be no Roses there?  
 Or shall the Sun set of Partheniaes beauty  
 Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty  
 The which my best advis'd affection owes  
 Her sacred virtue, and my solemn vows;  
 No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate  
 To make Parthenia too unfortunate  
 For Argalus to love.

It is as easie for Partheniaes heart  
 To prove less virtuous, as for me to start  
 From my firm faith: the flame that honors breath  
 Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench, but death;  
 Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter Spouse,  
 And freedom to recal, to quit those vows  
 I took: who gave thee licence to dispence  
 With such false tongues, as offer violence  
 To plighted Faith? Alas! thou canst not free  
 Thy self, much less hadst power to licence me.  
 VOWS can admit no change; they still persever  
 Against all chance; they bind, they bind for ever:  
 A vow's a holy thing, no common breath:  
 The limits of a vow is Heaven and Death:  
 A vow that's past, is like a bird that's flown  
 From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none:  
 It dies not, like a time beguiling Jest,  
 As soon as vented; lives not in thy breast,  
 When uttered once, but is a sacred word  
 Straight entred in the strict and close Record  
 Of Heaven; it is not like a Jugglers knot,  
 Or fast, or loose, as pleases us, or not.  
 Since then thy vows can find no dispensation,  
 And may not be recall'd, recal thy passion;  
 Perform, perform what now it is too late,  
 T'unwish again, too soon to violate:



Not to quit, what Heaven denies to free:  
 Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.  
 Thrice dearer than my soul, (the thus reply'd)  
 Had my own pampered fancy been the guide  
 To my affection, I had condescended  
 To this, to your request, which had besotted  
 My best desires too: I lov'd not thee  
 For my own pleasure in that base degree,  
 As gluttons do their diet, who dispence  
 With unwash't hands, (lest they should give offence  
 To their grip'd stomachs, when a minutes stay  
 Will make them curse Occasion all the day)  
 I lov'd not so; my first desires did spring  
 From thy own worth; and as a Sacred thing  
 I always view'd thee, whom my Zeal commands  
 Not prophane with these defiled hands:  
 True; performance is a debt we owe  
 To Vows, and nothing's dearer than a vow;  
 But when the gods do ravish from our hand,  
 The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand.  
 He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,  
 At Juno's altars bound; and must obey:  
 But if (being under vow) the gods do please  
 To strike him with a leprous disease,  
 Or foul infection; which is better now,  
 Prophane the Altar, or to break the vow?  
 The case is mine; where then the gods dispence,  
 We may be bold, yet tender no offence.  
 Admit it were an evil; 'tis our best,  
 Of necessary ill, to chuse the least.  
 The gods are good: the strict recognisance  
 Of vows, is only taken to advance  
 The good of man; now if that good prove ill,  
 We may refuse, our vows intire still,  
 I saw a marriage; why? because I do  
 Entirely affect that man my Vows are to;  
 But if some foul disease should interpose  
 Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows:  
 The strict performance of those vows must prove,  
 Wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.

Then

Then urge no more: Let my denial be  
A pledge sufficient 'twixt my love and thee.

So ended she: But vehement desire  
(That can be quench'd with No, no more than fire  
With oyl; and can submit to no condition)  
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician;  
He speaks; she answers: He, afresh, replies;  
He stoutly sues; as stoutly she denies.  
He begs in vain; and she denies in vain:  
For she denies again, He begs again.  
At last, both weary, he his suit adjourns;  
For lovers days are good, and bad by turns.  
He bids farewell; as if the heart of either  
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.  
She bids farewell; and yet she bids it so,  
As if her farewells ended, if he go;  
He bids farewell; but so, as if delay  
Had promis'd better farewells to his stay.  
She bids farewell, but holds his hand so fast,  
As if that farewell had not been the last.  
Both sigh'd, both wept, & both being heavy-hearted,  
She bids farewell, he bids farewell, and parted.  
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;  
And now *Parthenia* weeping all alone,  
And like the widow'd Turtle she bewails  
The absence of her Mate: Passion prevails  
Above her strength: Now her poor heart can tell  
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven: and what's Hell  
By her own torments: Sorrow now does play  
The tyrant's part, Affection must obey;  
And like a weather cock her various mind  
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of wind.  
In desperate language she deplores her state;  
She fain would wish, but then she knows not what  
Resolves of this, of that, and then of neither,  
She fain would flee: but then she knows not whither.  
At length (consulting with the heart-less pair  
Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despair)  
Resolves, to take th' advantage of that night,  
To steal away, and seek for death by flight:

A Pilgrims weed her liveless limbs addrest  
From head to foot: A thong of Leather blest  
Her wasted Loyns; her feeble feet were shod  
With Sandals: In her hand a Pilgrims rod.  
When as th' illustrious Sovereign of the Day  
Had now begun his circuit, to survey  
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent  
The upper world to *Cynthia's* government,  
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t' attend  
The progress now, which only death can end.

Go hapless Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,  
And thine own virtues; and what else beside,  
That may be prosp'rous; may thy merits finde  
More happiness, than thy distressed minde  
Can hope: Live, and to after-ages prove  
The great example of true Faith, and Love:  
Gone, gone she is; but whither she is gone,  
The gods, and fortune can resolve alone:  
Pardon my Quill, that is infore't to stray  
From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell  
Those obvious dangers, that so oft besell  
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,  
Or bring her miseries on the open stage;  
Her broken slumbers, her distracted care,  
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare;  
Her daily perils, and her nightly scapes  
From ravenous Beasts, and from attempted rapes,  
Is not my task; who care not to incite,  
My Reader's passion to an appetite.

We leave *Parthenia* now; and our discourse  
Must cast an eye, and bend her settled course  
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning  
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)  
Perceived she was fled, not knowing whither;  
He makes no stay: Consults not with the weather,  
Stays not to think, but claps his hasty knees  
To his fleet Courser, and away he flies:  
His haste enquires no way, (he needs not fear  
To lose the road, that goes he knows not where:)

One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains;  
And now, he gently slacks his prouder reins,  
And climbs the barren hills: with fresh careers  
He tries the right-hand way, and then he veres  
His course upon the left: One while he likes  
This path, when by and by, his fancy strikes  
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves  
Among the Springs and solitary Groves,  
Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,  
H'engraves *Parthenia's* name with his: then flees  
To the wild Champian: his proud Steed removes  
The hopeful fallows with his horned hoves:  
He basks no way, rides over Rock and Mountain,  
When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountain,  
He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench  
His thirsty Lips, and after that, to drench  
His fainting Limbs, in that sweet stream, wherein  
*Parthenia's* dainty fingers oft had been,  
The Fountain was upon a deep descent,  
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent  
Through a firm Rock, which art to make it known  
To after-ages) wall'd and roof'd with stone:  
Above the Crystal Fountains head, was plac'd  
*Diana's* Image (though of late defac'd):  
Beneath, a rocky Cistern did retain  
The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,  
Whose curious Current the Worlds greater eye  
Ne'r view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty:  
It was that Fountain, where in elder times  
Poor *Coridon* compos'd his rural rhimes,  
And left them closely hid for his unkind,  
And marble-hearted *Philida* to find.  
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,  
Redeems his loss of time with a new speed:  
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews  
His progress, God knows whither: He pursues  
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,  
And (with a mind as Subtle as the way)  
He journeys on; he left no course, unthought;  
No traveller, unaskt; no place, unsought.

To make a Journal of each circumstance;  
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance;  
Beset his tedious travel: To relate  
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;  
His rare achievements, and their fair success,  
His noble courage, in extream distress;  
His desperate dangers, his deliverance:  
His high esteem with men, which did inhance  
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove*,  
And what he suffered for *Parthenia's* love,  
Would make our volume endless, apt to try  
The utmost patience of a studious eye:  
All which, the bounty of a free conceit  
May sooner reach to, than my Pen relate.  
But till bright *Cynthia's* head had three times thrice  
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes  
Of gazing mortals with her Globe of Light,  
This restless Lover ceas'd not, day and night  
To wander, in a solitary quest  
For her, whose love had taught him to digest  
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys  
But follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but toys.  
It hapned now, that twice six moneths had run,  
Since wandering *Argalus* had first begun  
His toilsom progress; who, in vain, had spent  
A year of hours, and yet no event,  
When Fortune brought him to a goodly seat,  
Wall'd round about with Hills, yet not so great  
As pleasant; and less curious to the sight,  
Than strong, yet yielding even as much delight  
As strength; whose only out-side did declare  
The Master's judgment, and the builder's care.  
Round the Castle Nature had laid out  
The bounty of her treasure, round about  
Well fenced Meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)  
Comis'd provision for the Winter tide:  
Near which the neighb'ring Hills (well stockt & stor'd  
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford  
Their fruitful blessings, and deserv'd increase  
To painful Husbandry, the Child of Peace:

It was *Kalander's* seat, who was the Brother  
Of lost *Parthenias* late deceased Mother.  
He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition  
Ne'er taught to undervalue the condition  
Of private Gentry; who prefer'd the love  
Of his respected Nighbors, far above  
The apish congies of th'unconstant Court;  
Ambitious of a good, not great report;  
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending  
Upon his favors so, as to be tending  
Upon his person: and, in brief, too strong  
Within himself, for Fortunes hand to wrong:  
Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd  
As great content, as one that was bereav'd  
Of all his joys, could take; or who would strive  
T'express a welcome to the life, could give.  
His richly furnish'd Table more express  
A common bounty, than a curious feast;  
Whereat the choice of precious Wines were proffer'd  
In liberal sort; not urg'd, but freely offer'd:  
The careful servants did attend the room:  
No need to bid them either go or come:  
Each knew his place, his office, and could spy  
His Master's pleasure in his Master's eye.  
But what can relish pleasing to a taste  
That is distemper'd? Can a sweet repast  
Please a sick palate? No, there's no content  
Can enter *Argalus*, whose soul is bent  
To tire on his thoughts: *Kalander's* love  
(That other times would ravish) cannot move  
That fixed heart, which passion now incites  
T'abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.  
It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,  
*Kalander*, and his noble guests, intending  
T'exchange their pleasures in open air,  
A Messenger came in, and did repair  
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end  
Of his employment, was to recommend  
A noble Lady to him: (near alli'd  
To fair Queen *Helan*) whose unskilful guide

Had so mislaid, that she does make request,  
 This night, to be his bold, and unknown guest:  
 And by his help to be inform'd the way,  
 To find to morrow, what she lost to day.  
 Kalandar (the extent of whose ambition  
 Was to express the bounteous disposition  
 Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion  
 To entertain) return'd the salutation  
 Of an unknown servant; and with all protest  
 A promis'd welcome to so fair a guest.  
 Forthwith Kalandar and his noble friends,  
 (All but poor Argalus, who recommends  
 His thoughts to private uses, and confines  
 His secret fancy to his own designs)  
 Mounted their prancing Steeds, to give a meeting  
 To his fair guest: they met, but at first greeting  
 Kalandar stood amaz'd, (for he suppos'd  
 It was Parthenia) and thus his thought disclos'd:

Madam (said he) if these mine aged eyes  
 Retain that wanted strength, which age denies  
 To many of my years, I should be bold  
 (In viewing you) to say, I do behold -

My Niece Parthenias face: Nor can I be  
 Persuaded (by your leave) but you are she.

Thrice noble Sir (she thus reply'd) your tongue  
 (Perchance) hath done the fair Parthenia wrong  
 In your mistake, and too much honor'd me,  
 That (in my judgment) was more fit to do  
 Her soil, than picture; yet hath many an eye  
 Given the like sentence, she not being by;  
 Nay, more: I have been told that my own Mother  
 Fais'd often to distinguish'd come from father.

Said then Kalandar: If my rash conceit  
 Hath made a fault, mine error shall await  
 Upon your gracious pardon: I alone  
 Was not deceiv'd; for never anyone  
 That view'd Parthenias visage, but would make  
 As great an error by as great mistake.

But (Madam) for her sake, and for your own,  
 (Whose worth may challenge to it self alone,

*More service than Kalander can express)  
I are true truly welcome. Enter, and possess  
This Castle as your own; which can be blest  
In nothing more, than in so fair a guest.*

Whereto the Lady (entring) thus reply'd :

*Let everlasting joys be multiply'd  
Within these gentle Gates, and let them stand  
As lasting Monuments in th' Arcadian Land  
Of rare and bounteous hospitality  
To after times. Let strangers passing by  
Bless their succeeding Heirs as shall descend  
From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.*

When as a little respite had repair'd  
Her weary Limbs, which travel had impair'd,  
The freeness of occasion did present  
New subjects to discourse; wherein they spent  
No little time: among the rest, befell  
Kalander (often stopt with tears) to tell  
Of Argalus and lost Parthenias love,  
Whose undissembled passion did move  
A general grief; the more that they attended.  
To his sad tale, the more they wisht it ended.

*Madam (said he) although, our visage be  
Like him, yet may your fortunes disagree;  
Poor Gile: And as he spake that word, his eyes  
Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.*

*My soul doth suffer for Parthenias sake:  
But tell me Sir, Did Argalus forsake  
His poor Parthenia whom he lov'd so dear?  
How hath he spent his days e'er since? and where?*

*Madam (said he) when as their marriage day  
Drew near; mischief, that now was bent to play  
Upon the Stage her studied master prize,  
With ugly leprosie did so disguise  
Her beauteous face, that she became a terror  
To her own self: But Argalus the mirror  
Of trust, constancy, (whose loyal heart,  
Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start  
From his past vows) did in despite of fortune,  
Pursue his fixt desires, and importune,*



Th' intended marriage nertbaleſi; but ſhe  
Whom reaſon now had taught to diſagree  
With her diſtracted thoughts, ſtands deaf and mute,  
And at the laſt, t' avoid his further ſute,  
Not making any private to her ſlight,  
She quits the houſe, and ſeals away by night:  
But Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd  
That ſhe was fled; and being quite bereav'd  
Of his juſt hope, poor Lover, he aſſays  
By toiſome pilgrimage to end his days,  
Or finde her out: Now twice fix moneths have run.  
Their tedious courſes, ſince he firſt begun  
His fruitleſs journey, ranging far and near,  
Suffering as many ſorrows, as a year  
Could ſend; and made by the extreameſ of weather,  
Unapt for travel, Fortune brought him hither.  
Where he as yet remains, till time ſhall make,  
His waſted body fit to undertake  
His diſcontinued progreſs, and renew  
His great inquiry for her, who at firſt view,  
Madam, you ſeem'd to be.

So ſaid, the Lady, from whoſe tender eyes  
Some drops did ſhine, whoſe heart did ſympathize  
With both their ſorrows; ſaid, And is there then  
Such unexpected conſtancy in men?

Moſt Noble Sir;  
If the two raſh ſiſters of a ſtranger  
May be diſpenc'd withal without the danger  
Of too great boldneſs, I ſhould make requeſt  
To ſee this noble Lord, in whoſe rare breaſt  
(By your report) more honor doth reſide,  
Than in all Greece; nay, all the world beſide:  
I have a meſſage to him: and am loath  
To do it, were I not engag'd by oath,  
Whereat Kalandar not in breath, but action,  
Applies himſelf to give a ſatisfaction  
To her propounded wiſh: protraction waſtes  
No time, but up to Argalus he haſtes:  
Argalus comes down, and after ſalutation  
Given and receiv'd, ſhe accoſts him on this faſhion:

*My Noble Lord,*

Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame  
Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name  
Above all others, let your goodness now  
Make good that fair report; that I may know  
By true experience, what my joyful ear  
Had but, as yet, the happiness to hear:  
And if the frailty of a woman's wit  
May chance to offend; be noble, and remit.

Then know (most noble Lord) my native place,  
Is Corinth; of the self-same blood and race  
With fair Queen Helen, in whose Princely Court  
I had my birth, my breeding; to be short,  
Tittiber, not many days ago, there came  
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name  
The rare Parthenia, so in shape transform'd  
In feature altered, and in face deform'd  
That (in my judgment) all this Region cou'd  
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.  
Long was it ere her oft-repeated vows  
And solemn protestations could rouse  
My over-dull belief: till, at the last,  
Some passages, that heretofore had past  
In secret 'twixt Parthenia and me,  
Gave full assurance 't could be none but she;  
Abundant welcome (as a soul so sad  
As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had:  
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,  
That whosoever saw the one, saw both;  
Yet were we not alike in our complexions  
So much, as in our loves, in our affections:  
One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief  
Could ease us both, but partners in one grief:  
Much private time we jointly spent, and neither  
Could find a true content, if not together  
The strange occurrences of her dire misfortune  
She oft discours'd, which strongly did importune  
A world of tears from thej's suffus'd eyes,  
The true partakers of her miseries.

And as she spake, the arcant of her story  
Would all ways point upon th' eternal glory  
Of your rare constancy, which whoso'er  
In after ages shall presume to hear,  
And not admire, let him be proclaim'd  
A rebel to all virtue, and (defam'd  
In his best actions) let his leprous name  
Or die dishonor'd, or survive with shame.  
But ah! what Simples can the hand of art  
Find out to stanch a lovers bleeding heart?  
Or what (alas) can humane skill apply  
To turn the course of loves Phlebotomy?  
Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blown  
By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,  
Works on the very soul, and does torment  
The universe of man: which being spent  
And wasted in the conflict, often shrinks  
Beneath the burthen: and so conquer'd sinks:  
All which your poor Parthenia knew too well,  
Whose bed rid hopes, not having power to quell.  
To imperious fury of extream despair,  
She languish'd, and not able to contrair  
The ill of her victorious passion, cried,  
My dearest Argalus, farewell, and died:  
My Lord, not long before her latest breath  
Had reely paid the full arrears to death,  
She call'd me to her: In her dying hand  
She strain'd mine, whilst in her eyes did stand  
A shower of tears, unceasing, and in mine ear  
She whisper'd so, as all the room might hear.

Sister (said she) (that title past between us  
Not undeserv'd; for, all that e'er had seen us,  
Mistook us so at least) she lastly said  
Of my spent hour-glass is now at hand:  
Those joys, which Heaven appointed out for me,  
I here bequash to be possess'd by thee;  
And when sweet death shall clarify my thoughts,  
And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,  
Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so resign'd  
From all their dross) full fraught thy constant mind:

And let thy prosperous voyage be address'd  
 To the fair Port of Argalus his brest,  
 As whom the eye of man did ne'er discover  
 So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a lover;  
 Cast anchor there; for by this dying breath,  
 Nothing can please my soul more a'ter death,  
 And make my joys more perfect, than to see  
 A marriage 'twixt my Argalus and thee;  
 This Ring, the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,  
 As freely as he gave me, I make thine:  
 With it unto thy faithful heart I tender  
 My sacred vows: with it I here surrender  
 All right and title that I had or have  
 In such a blessing, as I now must leave;  
 Go to him, and conjure him in my name;  
 What love he bare to me, the very same  
 That he transfer on thee: take no denial,  
 Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal.  
 And as she spake that word, her voice did alter;  
 Her breath grew cold, her speech began to falter:  
 Fain would she utter more, but her spent tongue  
 (Not able to go further) fail'd, and clung  
 To her dry roof. A while, as in a trance,  
 She lay, and, on a sudden, did advance  
 Her forced language to the height, and cried,  
 Farewel my dearest Argalus, and died.

And now, my Lord, although this office be  
 Unsuitable to my sex, and disagree  
 Too much, perchance with the too mean condition  
 Of my poor state, more like to find derision  
 Than satisfaction; yet, my gracious Lord,  
 Extraordinary merits do afford  
 Extr'ordinary means, and can excuse  
 The breach of custom, or the common use:  
 Wherefore incited by the dear directions  
 Of dead Parthenia, by mine own affections,  
 And by the ex'cence of your high desert,  
 I here present you with a faithful heart,  
 A heart, to you devoted; which assure  
 Itself no happiness, but in being yours.

Pardon my boldness, they that shall reprove  
This, as a fault, reprove a fault in love;  
And why should custom do our Sex that wrong,  
To take away the privilege of our tongue?  
If nature give us freedom to affect,  
Why then should custom bar us to detect.  
The gifts of nature? she that is in pain,  
Hath a sufficient warrant to complain  
Then give me leave (my Lord) to re-infer,  
A virgins suit, and (thinking ne'r the worse  
Of proffer'd love) let my desires thrive,  
And freely accept, what I so freely give.

So ending, silence did enlarge her ear,  
(Prepar'd with quick attention to hear  
His gracious words: But *Argalus* whose passion  
Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,  
Return'd no answer, till his tickling eyes  
Had given an earnest of such obsequies,  
As his adjourned sorrow had intended  
To do at full, and therefore recommended  
To privacy; true grief abhors the light;  
Who grieves without a witness grieves a sight.

His passion thus suspended for a while,  
(And yet not so, but that it did recoil  
Strong sighs he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,  
And turning to the Lady, thus replies:

Madam,

Your no less rare, than noble favors show  
How much you merit, and how much I owe  
Your great desert, which claims more thankfulness,  
Than such a dearth of language can express:  
But most of all, I stand for ever bound  
To that your goodness, my *Parthenia* found  
In her distress, for which respect (in duty  
As I am tied) poor *Argalus* shall repute you  
The flower of noble courtesie, and proclaim  
Your high deservings, Lady, as I am,  
A poor unhappy wretch, the very scorn  
Of all prosperity, distressed, forlorn,

Unworthy the least favor you can give,  
 I am your slave, your Bondsman will I live;  
 But for this weighty matter you propound,  
 Although I see how much it would redound  
 To my great happiness, yet Heaven knows:  
 (Most excellent Lady) I cannot dispose  
 Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do  
 What else you needed not persuade me to;  
 For, trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,  
 To carve according to my pleasure, none  
 But you should challenge it; but while I live,  
 It is Partheniaes, and not mine to give.

Whereto she thus replies: Most noble Sir,  
 Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,  
 Hath now returned you your heart again,  
 Dissolv'd your vows, dissolv'd that sacred chain,  
 Which t'wixt your souls: nay more, her dying breath,  
 Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death  
 Is grown a debt that you are bound to pay:  
 Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,  
 The longer time her soul is dispossess'd  
 (And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed Argalus  
 Pausing awhile, return'd his answer thus.

Incomparable Lady,  
 When first of all, by Heavens divine directions,  
 We lov'd, we lik'd, we link'd our dear affections,  
 And with the solemn power of an oath,  
 In presence of the better gods, we both  
 Exchang'd our hearts: in witness of which thing,  
 I gave, and she received this dear Ring,  
 Which now you wear; by which she did resign  
 Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.  
 Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,  
 My exchang'd heart is not mine own, but hers:  
 Which if it had the power to survive,  
 She being dead, what heart have I to give?  
 Or if that heart expired in her death,  
 What heart had she (poor Lady!) to bequeath?

Madam,

Madam, in her, began my dear affliction;  
 In her it lov'd, in her it had perfection;  
 In her it joy'd, although it all befriended  
 By fate: In her begun, in her it ended.  
 If I had lov'd, if I had only lov'd  
 Partheniaes beauty, I had soon been mov'd  
 To moderate my sorrows, and to place  
 That love on you, that have Partheniaes face;  
 But 'twas Partheniaes self I lov'd, and love;  
 Which as no time hath power to remove  
 From my fixt heart, so nothing can distinguish,  
 No fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.  
 With mingled frowns and smiles she thus repli'd  
 Half in a rage, And must I be deny'd?  
 Are these the noble favors I expected?  
 To find disgrace? and go away rejected?  
 Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)  
 Sute not your expectation, let them be  
 Imputed to the misery of my state,  
 Which makes my lips to speak they know not what;  
 Mistake not him, that only studies how  
 With most advantage still to honor you.  
 Alas! what joys I ever did receive  
 From Fortune, 's buried in Partheniaes grave,  
 With whom, ere long, (nor are my hopes in vain)  
 I hope to meet, and never part again.

So said, with more than Eagle-winged hast,  
 She flew into his bosome, and imbrac'd  
 In her clos'd arms, his sorrow wasted wast;  
 Ourcharg'd with joy, she wept, not having power  
 To speak. Have you beheld an April shower  
 Send down her hasty bubbles, and then stops,  
 Then storms afresh, through whose transparent drops  
 The unobscured Lamp of Heaven conveys  
 The brighter glory of his refulgent rays:  
 Even so, within her blushing Cheeks resid'd  
 Amixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided:  
 So even divided, no man could say, whether  
 She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together:

She

She held him fast, and like a fainting lover,  
Whose passion now had licence to discover  
Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,  
Take, take thy own Parthenia* (said she)  
*Chear up my Argalus, these words of mine  
Are thy Partheniaes, as Parthenia's thine;  
Believe it (Love) these are no false alarms.  
Thou hast thine own Parthenia in thine arms.*

Like as a man whose hourly wants implore  
Each meals relief, trudging from door to door,  
That hears no dialect from churlish lips,  
But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,  
Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,  
New lost, departs, and, joyful beyond measure,  
Is so transported, that he scarce believes  
So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,  
Not d'ring trust, but fears it is some vision  
Or flattering dream, deserving but derision:  
So *Argalus* amazed at the news,  
Fain would believe, but daring not abuse  
His easie faith too soon; for fear his heart  
Should surfeit on conceit, he did impart  
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:  
Where stop'd by passion, falling on his knees,  
He thus began: *O you eternal powers  
That have the guidance of these souls of ours,  
V'to by your just prerogative can do  
What is a sin for man to dive into:  
Whose undiscover'd actions are too high  
For thought: Too deep for man to inquire why:  
Delude not these mine eyes with the false show  
Of such a joy, as I must never know  
But in a dream, or if a dream it be,  
O let me never wake again, to see  
My self deceiv'd, that am ordain'd to enjoy  
A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.*  
Much more he spake to this effect, which ended  
He blest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended  
His aking knees; and rising from the ground,  
He cast his rolling eyes about, and found



The room avoided, and himself alone;  
The door half clos'd, and his Parthenia gone,  
His now distemper'd passion grew extream:  
I knew, I knew (said he) 'twas but a dream;  
A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubb'le  
Blown by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble;  
Which waking breaks, and empties into air,  
And breaths into my soul a fresh despair.  
I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dream,  
Which (waking) makes my wants the more extream;  
I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,  
A bliss, which (waking) I should ne'er enjoy,  
My dear Parthenia tell me, where, O where  
Art thou, that so delud'st mine eye, mine ear?  
O that my wakened fancy had the might  
To represent unto my real sight  
What my deceived eyes beheld, that I  
Might surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

With that, the fair Parthenia (whose desire  
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;  
And by a well advis'd course to smother  
The fury of one passion with another)  
Stept in, and said; Then Argalus take thou  
Thy true Parthenia: Thou dream'st not now;  
Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart  
The constancy of our divided heart:  
Behold these Eyes, that for thy sake have vented  
A world of tears, unpitied, unlamented:  
Behold this face, that had, of late, the power  
To curse all beauty, yet it self secure:  
Witness that Taper, whose prophetick snuff  
Was outed and revived with one puff:  
And that my words may whet thy dull belief,  
'Twas I, that roar'd beneath the scourge of grief,  
When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing  
My face; and then the Taper for revealing  
So foul a face: 'twas I, that, overcome  
With violent despair, stood deaf and dumb  
To all thy urg'd persuasions: it was I  
That in thy absence, did resolve to die

A wandering Pilgrim, trusting to be led  
 By Fortune, to my death; and therefore fled:  
 But see! the powers above can work their ends,  
 In spite of mortals: and what man intends,  
 The Heavens dispose, and order the event:  
 For when my thoughts were desperately bent  
 To mine own ruine, I was led by fate  
 (Through dangers, now too tedious to relate)  
 To fair Queen Helens Court, not knowing whither  
 My unadvised steps were guided. Thither  
 My Genius brought me; where, unknown to any,  
 I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many,  
 Reliev'd by none; at length they did acquaint  
 The fair Queen Hellen with my strange complaint;  
 Whose noble heart did truly Sympathize  
 With mine, partaking in my miseries:  
 Who, fill'd with pity, strongly did importune  
 The woful case of my disastrous fortune,  
 And never rested till she did enforce  
 These lips to acquaint her with the whole discourse.  
 Which done, her gracious pleasure did command  
 Her own Chirurgion, to whose skilful hand  
 She left my foul disease, who in the space  
 Of twice ten days, restor'd me to this face:  
 The cure perfected, straight she sent about  
 (Without my knowledge) to enquire out  
 That party, for whose sake I was contented  
 To endure such grief with patience, unrepented)  
 Hoping (since by her means, and help of art  
 My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.  
 But when the welcome messenger return'd  
 The place of thy abode, O how my spirit burn'd  
 To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court:  
 But she, (whose favours did transcend report  
 As much, as they exceeded my desert)  
 Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part  
 With her poor handmaid: till at last, pretending  
 A lovers haste, and freely apprehending  
 So just a cause of speed; she soon befriended  
 My best desires, and sent me thus attended:

Where (under a false mark) I laid this plot,  
To see how soon my Argalus had forgot  
His dead Parthenia; but my blessed ear  
Hath heard, what few or none must hope to hear:  
Now fare well sorrow, and let old despair  
Go seek new breasts: let mischief never dare  
Attempt our hearts: let Argalus enjoy  
His true Parthenia; let Parthenia's joy  
Revive in him; let each be blest in either,  
And blest be Heaven, that brought us both together.

With that, the well-nigh broken hearted lover,  
Ravish'd with over joy, did thus discover  
His long pent words: And do these eyes once more  
Behold what their extrem'd despair gave o'er  
To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain  
The happiness to see this face again?  
And is there so much happiness yet left  
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft  
Of power to enjoy, what Heaven had power to give?  
Breaths my Parthenia? Does Parthenia live?

Who ever saw the Pole-affecting Stone,  
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown  
To our confin'd and darkned reason) draw  
The Neighboring Steel, which by the mutual Law  
Of Nature's secret working, strives as much  
To be attracted, till they joyn and touch:  
Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms  
Each other strongly in each others arms;  
Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure  
Of true content, and time-beguiling pleasure,  
Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,  
Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses;  
Where for a while I leave them to receive,  
What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.

Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye  
Abuse our Scene: Let not the stander by  
Corrupt our Lines, or make an Obscene gloss  
Upon our sober Text, and mix his dross  
With our refined Gold, extracting sower  
From sweet; and poyson from so fair a flower.

Correct your wandering thoughts; and do not fear  
 To think the best: Here is no *Targuine* here;  
 No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*;  
 Who thought it gain sufficient to resign  
 An Age of Honor, for a Night of pleasure;  
 Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure  
 Of her adust desire: Ye need not fear  
 Our private Lovers, who esteem less dear  
 Their lives than honors, daring not to do  
 But what, unsham'd, the Sun may pry into.

If any itching ears desire to know

What secret conference past betwixt these two;  
 To them my Muse thus answers: *When your case*  
*Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace*  
*True honor, as these noble Lovers did,*  
*And you shall know; Till then, you are forbid*  
*To enquire further: Only this she pleases*  
 To let you understand, that love's diseases  
 Being thoroughly cured, by their meeting, they  
 Have once again prefixt a *Marriage-day*:  
 Which that it might succeed with fairer fortune.  
 Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune  
 The better gods, *That they would please to apply*  
*Their griefs with joy, and smile upon that day,*

Argalmu

# Argalus and Parthenia.

## The Third Book,

When sturdy *March* his storms are over-  
blown,  
And *April's* gentle showers are slidden  
down,

To close the wind-chapt Earth, succeeding *May*  
Enters her Moneth, whose early breaking day  
Calls Ladies from their easie Beds to view  
Sweet *Maia's* pride, and the discolour'd hiew  
Of dewy-breasted *Flora* in her bower,  
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower  
Her fancy likes: wherewith to be possesst,  
Until it fade, and wither in the brest  
Now smooth fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles  
Visits the banks of his beloved *Iles*:

*Eolus* calls in the winds, and bids them hold  
Their ful mouth'd blasts, that breathless are controld:  
Each one retires, and shrinks into his seat,  
And Sea-green *Triton* sounds a thrill retreat:  
And thus at length, our Pinnace is past o'er  
The Bar, and rides before the *Maiden* fair.

Up, now in earnest (Voyagers) and stand ye  
On your faint-legs, our long-boat straight shal land ye  
Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes  
From your past dangers, to your present prize:

You traffick not for toys: The gods have set  
 No other price to things of price, but sweat;  
 Chear up; call-home your hearts, and be advis'd,  
 Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd:  
 You traffick not for trifles, and your travel  
 Was not to compass the almighty Gravel  
 Of th'*Indian* Mines, to ballast your estates;  
 'Twas not for blasts of *Honor*, whose poor dates  
 Depend on regal smiles and have no measures  
 But Monarch's Wills, expiring with their pleasures:  
 'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain  
 The dangerous title of a *Sovereign*.  
 These are poor things: It is but false discretion  
 To toil, where hopes are sweeter than possession:  
 No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,  
*True Honor, Beauty, Vertue*, are the Centers  
 To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend;  
 And Heaven hath brought our voyage to an end.

Hail noble *Argalus*: now the Cock boat stands  
 Secure; step forth; spred forth thy widened hands,  
 And take thy fairest Bride into thine arms.  
 Strike up (brave spirit) *Cupid's* fresh alarms  
 Upon her melting Lips: Take Tole, before  
 Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore;  
 So let her slide upon thy gentle brest,  
 And feel the ground: Then lead her to her rest.  
 Go Imps of Honor, let the morning Sun  
 Gild your delights, and spend his Beams upon  
 Your Marriage Triumphs; let his Western light  
 Decline apace, and make an early night.  
 Go, *Turtles*, go, let treble joys betide  
 The faithful *Bridegroom*, and his fairest *Bride*:  
 Let your own vertues light you to your rest;  
 To morrow come we to your Nuptial feast.

By this the curl'd-pate Waggoner of Heaven  
 Had finish'd his diurnal course, and driven  
 His panting Steeds a down the Western Hill,  
 When silver *Cynthia*, rising to fulfil  
 Her nightly course, lets fall an evening tear,  
 To see her Brother leave the Hemisphere,

Which

Which by the air dispers'd, is early found  
 (And call'd *A Tearly Dew*) upon the ground :  
 Still as the night, no language did molest  
 The walking ear ; all mortals were at rest :  
 No breath of wind had power to provoke  
 The Aspine-Leaf, or urge th'aspiring smoke ;  
 Sweet was the air, and clear ; no Star was hid ;  
 No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid  
 The wilde Astronomer to gaze, and look  
 Into the secrets of his spangled Book ;  
 Whil'st round about, in each resounding grove.  
 (As if the *Choristers* of the night had strove  
 To excel) the warbling *Philomela* compares,  
 And vies by turns her *Polyphonian* airs.

And now the horn-mouth'd *Belman* of the night  
 Had sent his midnight summons to invite  
 Nights ravenous rebels from their secret holds  
 To roam and visit the securer folds :  
 Whil'st drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden Keys  
 Locks up the Shepherds eye lids, and betrays  
 The scatter'd flocks ; which lie like sacrifices,  
 Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises.  
 By this the pale-fac'd *Empress* of the night  
 Had re-surrendred up her borrowed light,  
 And to the lower world she now retires,  
 Attended with her train of lesser fires,  
 And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,  
 To usher *Titan* from his Purple Bed ;  
 The gray-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin  
 To ope his Eastern portals, and let in  
 The new-born Day ; who having lately hurl'd  
 The shades of night into the lower world,  
 The dewey cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold  
 Her Purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold ;  
 And from the Pillow of his *Crocean* Bed,  
 Don *Phabus* rouzes his refulgent head ;  
 That with his all-discerning eye surveys  
 And gilds the Mountains with his morning rays :  
 Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night  
 Had made her shades too long) salutes the light.

Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,  
 Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the strength  
 Of mortal language, whose religious fires  
 Shall light those lovers to their wisht desires,

Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,  
 T'enjoyn that joy, from whence all joy proceeds:  
 Enter those joys, from whence all joys proceed:

Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,  
 And thou fair Bride, more beauteous than the day,  
 Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;  
 Awake and rouse thee from thy downy slumber:  
 Thy day is come: O may thy joys out-number  
 Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue;  
 Arise, and bid thy Maiden-bed adieu;  
 Put on thy Nuptial Robes, time calls away;  
 O may thy after-days, be like this day.  
 By this, bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glory,  
 Had half-way mounted to the highest story  
 Of his Olympick Palace: there to see  
 This long expected days solemnity:  
 When all on sudden, there was heard (around  
 From every quarter) the Majestick sound  
 Of many Trumpets: All, in consort running  
 One point of War, transcending far the cunning  
 Of mortal blasts; and, what did seem more strange,  
 The shrill-mouth'd Musick did as sudden change  
 To *Dorick* strains, to sweet mollitious airs,  
 To *Lyrick* songs, and voices, like to theirs  
 That charm'd *Ulysses*: whilst th amazed ear  
 Stood raviht at these changes, it might hear  
 Those voices, (by degrees) transform'd to Lutes,  
 To Shalms, deep throated Sackbuts, and to Flutes,  
 And echo-forcing Corners; which surpass  
 The art of man: This Harmony did last  
 Until the Bridegroom came: but all men wondred  
 To hear the noise: Some thought the Heavens had  
 To a new tune; and some more wiser ears (thundred  
 Conceiv'd it was the *Musick of the Sphæars*:  
 All wondred; all men gaz'd, and all could hear:  
 But none knew whence the Musick was, or where.



forthwith, as if a second Sun had rose,  
 And strove with greater brightness to depose  
 The glory of the first, the Bridegroom came,  
 Offer'd a long with Eagle-winged fame,  
 Whose twice five hundred mouths did at one blast  
 Inspire a Thousand Trumpets, as he past.  
 His Nuptial vesture was of Scarlet Die,  
 So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye;  
 To gaze upon't; to which, the curious Art  
 Of the laborious Needle did impart  
 So great a glory, that you might behold  
 Arising Sun, imboist with purest gold:  
 From whence ten thousand trails of gold came down  
 In waving points, like Sun-beams from that Sun:  
 Thus from his chamber midst the vulgar croud  
 (Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)  
 The long expected Bridegroom came, and past  
 Th' amazed multitude; till, at the last,  
 His Herald brought him to the Hall of State,  
 Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await  
 To welcome his approach, and to discharge  
 The lower volley of their joys at large  
 The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and bestrow'd  
 With *Flavia's* wealth, (a bounty that she ow'd  
 This glorious feast) the Walls were richly clad  
 With curious Tap'stry (such as *Greece* ne'er had  
 before that day) wherein you might behold,  
 Wrought to the life, in colour'd silk and gold,  
 This present story of these peerless Lovers,  
 Which like a silent Chronicle, discovers  
 The several passages that did befall  
 Twixt their first meeting, and their Nuptial:  
 Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,  
 Presented to this Triumph, as a peece  
 Devoted to the memory and fame  
 Of *Argalus*, and his *Parthenia's* name;  
 No sooner was the Ceremonies ended,  
 Wherein each noble spirit more contend'd  
 To express affection, than affect th' expression  
 Of courtly Rhet'rick, in a bare profession

Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout  
 Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout  
 The spacious Castle, which confus'dly cry'd,  
*Joy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride;*  
 Forthwith (as if that Heaven had broken-loose,  
 And Deities had meant to enterpose  
 Their heavenly bodies, with the mortal tribe  
 Of men; or else, intending to ascribe  
 Their pers'nal honor to this Nuptial)  
 In more than Princely state enters the Hall  
 A glorious show of Ladies, all array'd  
 In rare and costly Robes, and richly laid  
 With Jems unvalued; and each Lady wore  
 A Scarf upon her Arm, embroidered ore  
 With Gold and Pearl; thus hand in hand they pass  
 Into the Hall, but oft their eyes did cast  
 A backward look, as if their thoughts did mind  
 Some greater glory, coming on behind:

Next after them, came in the Virgin Crew  
 In Milk white Robes (Virgins that never knew  
 The sacred myst'ries of the Marriage bed,  
 Nor, finding trouble in a Maiden head,  
 Ere lent a thought to nuptial joys till now)  
 Thus past these Buds of Nature, two by two,  
 Their long dishevelled Tresses dangle down  
 With careless art, and on each head a crown  
 Of Golden Lawrel stood: Their faces shrouded  
 Beneath a veil, seem'd as the Stars were clouded.

Have ye beheld in frosty Winters Even,  
 When all the lesser twinkling Lamps of Heaven  
 Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face  
 Of rising *Cynthia* looks? With what a grace  
 She views the throne of darkness, and aspires  
 Th'*Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires?  
 So after all these Sparks of Beauty, came  
 (They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)  
 The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the Rose Cheek'd Bride  
 Enters the room, a Milk white Vail did hide  
 Her blushing face, which ne'rtheless discloses  
 Some glumps of red, like Lawn o'er-spreading Roses,

Thus

Thus entred she. The Garments that she wore  
 Were made of Purple Silk, bespangled ore  
 With Stars of purest Gold, and round about  
 Each several Star went, winding in and out,  
 A trail of Orient Pearl so rarely wrought,  
 That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought  
 The Stars had twinkled; her dishevell'd hair  
 Hung down behind, as if the only care,  
 Had been to reconcile Neglect and Art,  
 Hung loosely down, and vail'd the backer part  
 Of those her Sky-resembling Robes; but so,  
 That every-breath would wave it to and fro,  
 Like flying clouds, through which you might discover  
 Sometimes one glim'ring Star sometimes another:  
 Thus on she went; her ample train supported  
 By thrice three virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted  
 In Purple Robes: forthwith, the Bridegroom rises  
 From off his Chair; bows down and sacrifices  
 The peaceful offering of a morning kiss,  
 Upon her Lips: *To such a Saint as thou,*  
*O, what rebellious heart could chuse but bow*  
*And offer freely the perpetual vow*  
*Of choicest obedience?*

With that, each Noble moves him from his place  
 And with a posture, full of princely grace,  
 Salutes the lovely Bride, with words, expressing  
 The joyful model of a Kingdoms blessing  
 But hark! The *Hymenean* Trumpet sends  
 Her latest summons forth: *Hymen* attends  
 The noble pair, and is prepared to yoke  
 Their promis'd hands; the sacred Altars smoke  
 With Myrree and Frankincense, the ways are strow'd  
 With *Floraes* pride; and the expecting croud  
 Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye  
 Attends to see the Triumph passing by.

At length the Gates flew open: On this fashion  
 Began the Triumph: First a *Proclamation*  
 Was made, with a loud voice: *If any be*  
*Lord, or Knight, or whatso'er degree,*

*Professing*

Professing Arms or Honor in the Land,  
 That at this time can challenge or pretend  
 A title to Parthenias heart, or claim  
 A right, or interest in her love, or name;  
 Let him come forth in person, or appear  
 By noble Proxy, if not present here:  
 And by the excellent Honor of a Knight,  
 He shall receive such honorable right  
 As the just Sword can give: Let him now come,  
 And speak, or else, for evermore be dumb. (came)

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there  
 True honors Eagle-winged Herald Fame,  
 Sounding a Silver Trump; and as she past  
 She shook the Earths foundation with her blast:

Next after whom, in undissembled state  
 The Bridegroom came: On his right hand did wait  
 The God of War in Martial Robes of green  
 All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been  
 But newly wounded, and from every wound  
 Fresh blood did seem to trickle on the ground:  
 And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart  
 Would seem to pant a while, and then depart:  
 Upon the Bride-grooms left hand there attended  
 Heavens Pursuivant, whose Brawny Arm extended  
 A winged Caduceus; he had scarce the might  
 To curb his feet: His feet were wing'd for flight:  
 Above his head their hands did joynly hold  
 A Crimson Canopy embest with Gold.

Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles fallow'd,  
 Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hallow'd  
 For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights,  
 Whose bloods had ransom'd, and redeem'd the right  
 Of wronged Ladies: These were all array'd  
 In robes of Needle-work, so rarely made,  
 That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold  
 Armors of Steel, fair filletted with Gold;  
 And as they march'd, their Squires did advance  
 Before each Knight his warlike Shield and Lance.

And after these, the Princely Virgin-bride,  
 On whom all eyes were fastned, did divide

Her gentle paces, being led between  
Two goddesses, the one array'd in green,  
On which the curious needle undertook  
To make a Forrest: here, a bubbling Brook  
Divides two Thickets, through the which doth flie  
The single Deer, before the deep-mouth'd cry  
That closely follows: There, th' affrighted Herd  
Stands trembling at the musick, and afraid  
Of every shadow, gazes to and fro,  
Not knowing where to stay, or where to go:  
Where, in a Landskip, you may see the Faunces  
Following their crying mothers ore the Lawns:  
The other was in Robes, the purer Dye  
Whereof, did present the mid-day sky. (Beams  
Full of black Clouds; through which, the glorious  
Of the victorious Sun appears, and seems  
As 'twere to scatter; and at length, to shed  
His brighter glory, on a fruitful Bed  
Of noisom weeds, from whence you might discern  
A thousand painful Bees extract, and earn  
Their sweet provision: And, with laden thighs  
To bear their waxy burthens: On this wise  
The Princely Bride was led betwixt these two:  
The first was she, that on *Athen's* brow  
Reveng'd her naked chastity; the other  
Was she, to whom *Jove's* pregnant brain was mother  
Through *Vulcan's* help; and these did joyntly hold  
Upon her head, a Coronet of Gold:  
Whose train, *Dianas* Virgin-crew, all crown'd  
With Golden wreaths, supported from the ground.

Next after her, upon the triumph waited  
An order, by *Diana* new created,  
And styl'd, *The Ladies of the Maiden-head*,  
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,  
And every spot appeared as a stain  
Of lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slain:  
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown  
Of Prime roses, and Roses not yet blown.

Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court  
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short

Of what th'unlimited and studied art  
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart  
To such solemnities, where every one  
Strove to excel, and to b'excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the Temple, where attended  
The sacred Priests, whose voices recommended  
The days success to Heaven, and did divide  
A blessing 'twixt the Bridegroom, and the Bride;  
Which done, and after low obeisance made,  
The first (while all the rest kept silence) said.

*Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts: Draw near:  
Unspotted Lovers, welcome: Do not fear  
To touch his holy ground; pass on secure:  
Our Gates stand open to such guests, as you are:  
Our gracious Goddess grants you your desires,  
And hath accepted of those holy fires  
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleasure  
To smell your Incense, in so great a measure  
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,  
She crowns your vows, and smiles upon this day.*

So said, they bowed to the ground, and blest  
Themselves; that done, they singled from the rest  
The noble Bridegroom, and his Princely Bride,  
And said, *Our gracious Goddess be our guide,  
As we are yours:* And as they spake that word,  
Their well tun'd voices sweetly did accord  
With Musick from the Altar; as along  
They pass, they gently warbled out this Song.

**T**hus in pomp and priestly pride,  
To glorious Juno's Altar go we;  
Thus to Juno's Altar show we  
The noble Bridegroom and his Bride:  
Let Juno's hourly blessings send ye  
As much joy as can attend ye,

*May these Lovers never want  
True joys, nor ever beg in vain  
Their choice desires; but obtain  
What they can wish, & she can grant.*

*Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye,  
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*From satiety, from strife,  
From jealousy, domestick jars,  
From those blows that leave no scars,  
Juno protect your marriage life,  
Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye,  
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*Thus to Hymen's sacred hands,  
We commend your chaste deserts,  
That as Juno link'd your hearts,  
So he would please to joyn your hands;  
And let both their blessings send ye,  
As much joy as can attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptial Carol ended,  
But bowing to the ground, they recommended  
This Princely pair (both prostrate on the floor)  
And with their hands presented them before  
The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought  
Two Milk-white Turtles, and with Prayers, besought  
That Juno's lasting favors would descend,  
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.  
With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,  
Possess each trembling heart with fear and wonder,  
The Rafter of the holy Temple shook,  
As if accursed Archimagoe's Book  
(That cursed Legion) had been newly read:  
The ground did tremble, and a mist o'erspread  
The darkned Altar.  
At length, deep silence did possess and fill  
The spacious Temple: All was whist and still.  
Then, from the clouded Altar, brake the sound  
Of heavenly Musick, such as would confound  
With Death, or Ravishment, the Earth-bred ear,  
Had not the Goddess given it strength to bear  
So strong a rapture. As the Musick ended,  
The mist on sudden vanish, and ascended

From whence it came. The Altar did appear,  
 And Athes lying, where the Turtles were:  
 Near which, great Hymen stood, not seen before;  
 His Purple Mantle was embroidered ore (hold  
 With Crowns of Thorn, 'mongst which you might be-  
 Some, here and there, but very few) of Gold;  
 Upon each little space, that did divide  
 The several Crowns, a Gordian knot was tide;  
 And turning to the Priest, he thus began:

*What mean these fumes? Say, what hath mortal man  
 To do with us? what great request? what suit  
 Do now attend us, that they thus salute  
 Our Nostrils, with such acceptable favors?  
 Tell us, wherein do they implore the favors  
 Of the pleas'd gods? for, by the Eternal Throne  
 And Majesty of Heaven, it shall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus reply'd  
 Great god; this noble Bridegroom, and this Bride,  
 Whom we, most humbly, here present before  
 Great Juno's sacred Altar, do implore  
 Your gracious aid; that with your nuptial bands  
 Your grace would please to tie their promis'd hands.

With that he straight descends the holy Stairs,  
 And with his widened Arms, divides and shares.  
 An equal blessing 'twixt them both, and said.

**N**Oble Youth, and lovely Maid,  
 Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,  
 And hath granted your desires  
 By the mystery of our power,  
 First, we consecrate this hour  
 To Juno's name, that she would bless  
 Our prosperous actions with success.  
 With this Oyl (which we appoint  
 For holy uses) we anoint  
 Your Temples, and with Nuptial Bands  
 Thus we firmly join your hands:  
 Be join'd for ever; and let none  
 Presume invade, what we have done.



*Be joy'n'd till lawless Death shall sever  
Both hands and hearts: Be joy'n'd for ever:  
Eternal curses vve allor*

*To those, till then, shall lose this knot.*

So said, he blest them both in Juno's name.

And from their sight he vanish in a flame:

That done, they rose, and with new Fumes saluted

The smoaking Altar: Thrice they prostituted

Their bended bodies on the holy ground,

Where, sending forth the well-accepted sound

Of Thanks and Vows, from their divided heart,

They kiss the sacred Altar, and depart;

And, with the self-same Triumph as they came,

Return'd; whilst the louder Trump of Fame

With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat,

And reconducts them to the Hall of State,

Whose richly furnish'd Table would invite

A bed rid stomach to an appetite,

And make the wasteful Glutton that does eat

His unearn'd diet with his daily sweat,

Behold his Heaven in a more ample measure,

Than he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure

Of his best faith; such were the dainties, such

The Viands, that I dare not think too much

To term it Paradise where all things did

Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid.

Soon as the Marshal of this Princely Feast

Had in his rightful Seat, plac'd every guest,

A soft harmonious rapture did confine

All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.

Forthwith, with joynd hands and smiling faces,

With habits more unequal than their paces,

A jolly pair drew near the Table; th' one

In Green: His pamper'd body had out-grown

His seam-ript Garments, all embroider'd over

With spreading Vines, whose fruitful leaves did cover

Their swelling Clusters; his out-strutting eyes

Staid in his head, his dropie-swollen thighs

Quagg'd as he went: his purple colour'd snout

Was deeply furnish'd, and enrich'd about,

With Carbuncles; around his brows did twine.  
Full faded Clusters, ravish'd from the Vine.

The other was a Lady, whom the Sun  
With his bright rays had too much gaz'd upon.  
The colour of her silken Mantle was  
'Twixt green and yellow, like the fading Grass:  
On which werewrought enclosed Fields of Corn,  
Somereap'd, some bound in sheaves, & some unshorn,  
Well-favor'd was her countenance, plump and round;  
Her Golden Tresses dang'd to the ground:  
Her Temples bound with full ripe Ears of Wheat,  
Wreath'd like a Garland: Frequent drops of sweat,  
Down from her swarthy brows did sily trickle,  
And in her Sun-burnt had she bare a Sickle.  
Thus usher'd, with a Bag-pipe to the Table,  
They both stood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable  
To challenge Language from his breathless Tongue.  
Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the Song.

**W**elcome fairest Virgin-Bride,  
Welcome to our jolly Feast:

'Taste what *Ceres* did provide

'For so fair, so fair a guest.

*Bacch.* 'Tast vvhhat *Bacchus* did provide,

'For so fair, so fair a guest:

'Welcome fairest Virgin-Bride,

'Welcome to our jolly Feast.

*Chor.* 'Our conjoynd bounties do

'Make *Mars* smile, and *Venus* too,

*Ceres.* 'Welcome noble Bridegroom hither;

'Worlds of blifs, and joy attend ye:

'Freely vvelcome both together,

'See vvhhat *Ceres* bounty sends ye.

*Bacch.* 'Freely vvelcome both together,

'See vvhhat *Bacchus* bounty sends ye.

'Welcome noble Bridegroom hither;

'Worlds of blifs, and joy attend ye.

*Chor.* 'Our conjoynd bounties do

'Make *Mars* smile, and *Venus* too,

*Arg.* 'Here is that, vvwhose sweet variety,  
' Gives you pleasure and delight ;  
' Makes you full vvithout satiety ;  
' Wastes the day, and hastes the night.

*Acch.* ' This vvill rouse the Man of War  
' When the Drum shall beat in vain,  
' When his spirits drooping are,  
' This vvill make them rise again.

*Mar.* ' You that joyntly do inherit  
' *Venus* beauty, *Mars* his spirit,  
' Freely taste our bounty ; so  
' *Mars* shall smile, and *Venus* too.

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,  
They bow'd and vanish'd, none knew how, nor  
To make relation of each quaint device, (vvhither.  
That are presented their unvvearied eyes ;  
The nature of their mirth, of their discourse ;  
The dainties of the first, the second course ;  
The secret glances of the Bridegrooms eye  
On his fair Bride, how oft she blush'd, and vvhy ;  
Were but to rob the Bridegroom of his right,  
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.  
Methinks it grieves me, that my Pen should vvrong  
Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long :

And it repents me so, that oftentimes  
Methinks I could be angry vvith my Rhimes,  
And for the cruel sins that they commit  
In being tedious, some I vvish unvvrit :  
Let it suffice, vvhat glory, vvhat delight,  
What state, or vvhat to please the appetite,  
The eye, the ear, the fancy ; in a vvord,  
What joy so short a season could afford  
To vvell prepared hearts, vvvas here exprest  
In this our Nuptial, this our Princely feast.

Thus vvhen the Board vvvas voided, and the Server  
Had new resign'd his office vvith the Evver,  
The curious Linnen gone ; and all the rites  
Perform'd, that long to festival delights :  
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,  
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all

To depth of silence; tells them, tis his task  
To let them know, the gods intend a Mask,  
To grace these Nuptials; and with that he spread  
His air-dividing pinions and fled.

When silence thus had charmed every ear  
With wonder and attention, they might hear  
The winged Quiristers of night, about  
In every corner, sweetly vvarbling out  
Their Philomelian airs, and vvider note,  
Which nature taught them to divide by rote;  
So that the Hall did seem a shady Grove,  
Wherein by turns, th'ambitious Quire strove  
To excel themselves.

The Mask  
of the  
gods.

While that their ears vveroseeding vwith delight  
Upon these strains, The Goddess of the Night  
Enters the Scene: Her body vvas confin'd  
Within a coal black Mantle, thorow lin'd  
With sable Furs: Her Tresses were of hiew  
Like Ebony, on which a Pearly dew  
Hung, like a Spiders Web: Her face did brood  
A swart Complexion, underneath a cloud  
Of black curld Cypress: On her head, she wore  
A crown of burnish'd Gold, besetted o'er  
With Fog and Romy mist; her hands did bear  
A Scepter and a sible Hemisphere:  
She sternly shook her dewy Locks, and brake  
A melancholly smile, and thus bespake:

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slip  
Your looser reins, and use thine idle vvhip,  
Thy pamper'd Steeds are pursie, drive away,  
The lower vworld thinks long to see the day.  
Darkness befits us best; and our delight  
Will relish far more sweeter in the night:  
Approach ye blessed shadows, and extend  
Your early jurisdiction, and befriend  
Our nightly sports: Approach, make no delay,  
It is your Queen, your Sovereign calls away.

With that, a sudden darkness fill'd the Hall:  
The light was banish'd, and the windows all,

nearly clos'd their eye-lids round about,  
 that day could not get in, nor darkness out;  
 thus whole the Death-resembling shades of night  
 had drawn their Misty Curtains, 'twixt the light  
 and every darkned eye, which was deny'd  
 to see, but that, which darkness could not hide:  
 the jealous god, fearing he knows not whom,  
 (indeed whom fears he not?) enters the room,  
 and with his Club-foot groping in the shade  
 of night, he mutter'd forth these words, and said:

Where is this wanton Harlot now become? Vulcan's  
Speech.  
 Is light so odious to her? or is home  
 so homely in her wandering eyes, that she  
 must still be rambling, where unknown to me?  
 Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,  
 but intermedling *Venus* must be one?  
 Is't not enough that *Phaebus* does applaud  
 Her lust, but must Nights Goddess be her Baud?  
 Darkness be gone, thou Patroness to Lust:  
 If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must,  
 Away; my power shall out charm thy charms,  
 I'll find her panting in her lovers arms.  
 Enter you Lamplights of Terrestrial fire,  
 And let your golden heads (at least) conspire  
 To counterfeit a day, and on the night  
 Revenge the wrongs of *Phaebus* with your light.

So said, the darkned Hall was garnish'd round  
 With lighted Tapers: Every object found  
 An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd  
 With pleasure in the object it beheld.

As these deviceful changes did incite  
 Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,  
*Morpheus* came in: His dreaming face was so,  
 That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow:  
 His folded arms, athwart his breast, did knit  
 A sluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit  
 Against his panting bosom, as he pass'd:  
 And oftentimes his eyes were clos'd fast:  
 He wore a crown of Poppy on his head;  
 And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of Lead:

He yawned thrice, and after homage done  
To Night's black Sovereign, he thus begun :

Great Empress of the World : To whom I owe Morpheus  
Speech.  
My self, my service, my perpetual vow :  
Before the Foo-stool of whose dreadful Throne  
The Princes of this lower World lay down  
Their Crowns and Scepters ; whose victorious hand  
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command  
This Globe of Earth, your servant (whose dependance  
Quickens his power ) comes to give attendance  
Upon the earthly shadows, and to seize  
Upon these wearied mortals, when you please  
To appoint ; till then your servant is at hand  
To put in execution your command.

To whom the smiling Goddess thus reply'd.

Morpheus, our pleasure is to set aside The  
God-  
dess of  
the  
Nights  
Speech.  
This night to mirth, and time-beguiling sports,  
Our sleep restraining business much imports  
Your welcōa b'sence, whilst our ears shal number  
The flying hours ; our mirth admits no slumber :  
The word scarce ended, but the Queen of Love  
Descend'd from her unseen seat, above :  
In her fair hand, he led her winged Son,  
and like a full mouth'd tempest thus begun.

Disloyal Sycophant Death's Bastard-brother, Ven-  
us's  
Speech  
to  
Mor-  
pheus.  
Accursed Spaun, cast from as curs'd a Mother :  
That with thy base impostures risest man  
Of half his days, of half that little span  
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles  
Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles,  
What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my right  
Perfidious Cartiff : Venus day is night :  
Go to the frozen World, where mans desire  
Is made of Ice, and melts before the fire,  
Yet ne'er the warmer : Go and visit fools,  
Or stegmatick old-age, whose spirits cools  
As quickly as their breath : Go, what have we  
To do (dull Morpheus) with thy Mace, or thee  
As Leaden as thy Mace ? Th'art made for nought,  
But to still children, or to ease the thoughts

Of brain-sick Phranticks : or, with joys to flatter  
 Poor slumbring souls, which wak'd, find no such mat-  
 Go succor those, that vent by quick retail (ter:  
 Their wits, upon dear penny-worths of Ale :  
 Or marrow'd Eunuchs, whose adust desire  
 Wants means to slake the fury of their false fire :  
 O that I were a *Basilisk*, that I  
 Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die,

Boy, bend thy Bow, and with thy forked Dart,  
 Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart :  
 Let flie Death's Arrow, or, if thou hast none,  
 In Death's name send an Arrow of thine own :  
 We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree :  
 Shoot then at once, revenge thy self and me.

With that the little angry god did bend  
 His steelen Bow, and in 'Death's name did send  
 His winged Messenger, whose faithful hast  
 Dispatcht his ireful errand ; and stuck fast  
 Within his pierced Liver, and did hide  
 His singing Feathers in his wounded side.  
 Morpheus fell down, as dead, and on the ground  
 Lay for a little season in a swoond,  
 Gasping for breath. And Lovers dreams (they say)  
 Have evermore been wanton since that day :  
 Venus was pleas'd : The Goddess of the Night  
 Grew angry ; she would needs resign her right  
 Of Government, and in a spleen threw down  
 Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crown :  
 And, with a duskie fog, she did besmear  
 The face of Venus, soil'd her golden hair  
 With her black shades, and with foul terms revild  
 Both her, her cuckold-mate, and bastard-child :  
 Whereat the God of War, bring much offended,  
 Forsook both seat and patience, and descended :  
 And, to the world, he proffer'd to make good  
 Fair Venus honor, with his dearest blood :  
 To whom poor Vulcan ( puffing in a rage,  
 To hear his well known fortune to the stage)  
 Scrap'd many a thank : And with his crouching knee  
 Profeß true love to such true friends as he.

And ever since, Experience lets us know,  
Cuckolds are kind to such as make them so.

*By this, god Morpheus waking from his swoond,  
Began to groan: and from his aking wound  
Drew forth the buried shaft; but Mars (whose word  
Admits no other second, but his sword)*

*Unsheath'd his furious Brand-iron, and let flie  
A blow at Morpheus head, which had well nigh  
Clou'n him in twain, had not the Queen of Night  
Hurl'd haft, mist before his dar, ned sight:  
So that the Sword, by a false-guided aim,  
Struck Vulcans foot, which ever since was lame:*

*At last the gods came down, and thought it good  
To nip this early quarrel in the bud:*

*Who fearing uproars, with a friendly Cup  
Of blest Nepenthe, took the quarrel up:  
And, for the offence committed, did proclaim  
This sentence in offended Juno's name.*

*Morpheus from hence is banish'd, for this night,  
And not t' approach before the morning light:*

*Mars is exil'd for ever, as a guest  
Adjudg'd unfitting for a Marriage-feast.  
Cupid's doom'd to rome and rove about  
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out,  
Venus is censur'd to perpetual night,  
And not (unless by stealth) to see the light:  
Her chiefest joy to be but pleasing folly,  
Perform'd with madness, dog'd with melancholly.*

*And here the Musick did invite their paces  
To measure Time, and by exchange of places  
To lead the curious beholder's eye  
A willing captive to variety.*

*Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of mirth  
They spent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth  
Had studied to please man, in such a measure,  
That art could not d. more t' augment their pleasure:  
And so they vanish'd.*

*Now Ceres Evening bounty reinvites  
Her noble guests, to her renew'd delights:*

The  
S: m-  
tence

And



And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their souls  
With a full band, presents his swelling Bowls.  
Wine came unwish'd, like water from a source:  
And delicates were mingled with discourse:  
What Art could do to make a welcome guest,  
Was liberally presented at that feast:

It was no sooner ended, but appears  
An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in years,  
In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled hand  
An hour glass, laboring with her latest sand;  
Beneath his arm, a Buffen-Knapsack hung  
Stuft full of writings in an unknown tongue,  
Chronologies, our dated Almanacks,  
And Patents, that had long surviv'd their wax:  
Unto his shoulders Eagle-wings were joyn'd:  
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behind:  
And leaning on his crooked Sythe, he made  
A little pause, and after that, he said.

*Mortals, 'tis out, my Glass is run,*

*And with as the day is done:*

*Dark shadows have expell'd the light,*

*And my Glass is turn'd for night:*

*The Queen of Darknes bids me say,*

*Mirth is fitter for the day:*

*Upon the day, such joys attend,*

*With the day such joys must end.*

*Think not, Darknes goes about,*

*Like death, to puff your pleasures out:*

*No, no, she'll land you new delights,*

*She hath pleasures for the nights.*

*When as her shadows shall benight ye,*

*She hath what shall still delight ye:*

*Aged Time shall make it known,*

*She hath dainties of her own:*

*'Tis very late, away, away*

*Let day-sports expire with day:*

*For this time we adjourn your feast:*

*The Bridegroom fain would be at rest:*

*And if the night-pastimes displease ye,*

*Day will quickly come, and ease ye.*

With that, a sweet Vermilian tincture stain'd  
The Brides fair Cheeks : The more that she restrain'd  
Her blush, the more her disobedient blood  
Did overflow ; as if a second flood  
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,  
To drown that world of beauty in her face :  
She blush'd ; (but knew not why) and like the Moon,  
She look'd most red, upon her going down.

But see ! The smiling Ladies do begin  
To joyn their whisp'ring heads, as there had been  
A plot of treason : Till at length, unspide,  
They stole away th'unwilling-willing Bride :  
Their busie-hands unrob'd her, and so led  
The timorous Virgin to her Nuptial-bed.

By this, the Nobles having recommended  
Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended,  
They look'd about, and thinking to have done  
Their service to the Bride, the Bride was gone :  
And now the Bridegroom (unto whom delay  
Seem'd worse than death) could brook no longer stay  
Attended by his noble guests, he enters  
That room, where th'exchangeable Indentures  
Of dearest love, lay ready to be seal'd  
With mutual pleasures, not to be reveal'd.

His garments grew too tedious, and their waight  
(Not able to be Borne) did over-fraight  
His weary shoulders : *Arise* never stoop  
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt :  
No help was wanting, for he did receive  
What sudden aid he could expect, of have  
From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste  
The time ; unless (perchance) by over haste :  
Mean while, a dainty warbling Brest, not strong,  
As sweet, presents this *Epithalamion* Song.

**M** *An of War, march bravely on,  
The field's not easie to be won :  
There's no danger in that war,  
Where Lips blith Swords and Buglars are.  
Here's no cold ; chill thee,*

*A Bed of Down's thy field:*  
*Here's no sword to kill thee,*  
*Unless thou please to yield.*  
*Here is nothing will incumber,*  
*Here will be no scars to number.*  
*These be Wars of Cupid's making,*  
*These be Wars will keep you waking,*  
*Till the early breaking day,*  
*Call your forces hence, away,*  
*These be Wars that make no spoil,*  
*Death here shoots his shafts in vain:*  
*Though the Soldier get a foil,*  
*He will rouse and fight again.*  
*These be Wars that never cease,*  
*But conclude a mutual peace.*  
*Let benign and prosperous Stars,*  
*Breathe success upon these Wars,*  
*And when three or three months be run,*  
*Be thou a Father of a Son:*  
*A son that may derive from thee*  
*The honor of true merit,*  
*And may to ages yet to be,*  
*Convey thy blood, thy spirit:*  
*Making the glory of his fame*  
*Perpetuate, and crown thy name,*  
*And give it Life, in spite of Death,*  
*When Fame shall want both trump and breath.*

Have you beheld in a fair Summers-Even  
 The golden-headed Charrioter of Heaven,  
 With what a speed his prouder reins do bend  
 His panting Horses to their journeys end?  
 How red he looks, with what a swift career  
 He hurries to the lower Hemisphere,  
 And in a moment shoots his golden-head  
 Upon the Pillow of blushing *Thetis* Bed:  
 Even so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings  
 More swift than Time, switcht on with pleasure  
 Into his Nuptial Bed: And, look how fast (spring)  
 The stooping Falcon clips, and with what hast

Her Talons seize upon the timorous prey;  
 Even so his arms (impatient of delay)  
 His circling Arms embrac'd his blushing Bride,  
 While she (poor soul) lay trembling by his side.

The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests,  
 What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests  
 His tired patience: Too much sweet offends:  
 Sometimes to be forsaken of our friends,  
 In Cupid's Mo: als, is observ'd to be  
 The fruits of friendship, in the best degree.  
 And thus at last, the Curtains being clos'd,  
 They left them, each in others Arms repos'd.

*And here my Muse bids draw our Curtains too,  
 'Tis unfit to see what private Lovers do:  
 Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over rank,  
 But veil thy understanding with a Blank,  
 Think not on what thou think'st: And, if thou canst,  
 Yet understand not what thou understandst,  
 Sow not thy fruitful heart with so poor seeds:  
 Or if, perchance (unsown) they spring like weeds,  
 Use them like weeds, thou know'st not how to kill:  
 Slight them, and let them thrive against thy will:  
 View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,  
 But see thou take no pleasure in their sent.  
 And one thing more: When as the morning light  
 Shall bring the bashful Bride into thy sight,  
 Be not too cruel: Let no wanton eye  
 Disturb, and wrong her conscious modesty:  
 And if she blush, examine not for what:  
 Nay, though thou see it (Reader) see it not.*

And shall our story discontinue here?  
 Or want a period, till another year?  
 Shall we befriend these Lovers, with the night,  
 And leave them buried in their own delight,  
 And so conclude? No, it shall ne'er be sed,  
 That marriage joys end in the Marriage-Bed:  
 Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds  
 Her happiness on such unstable grounds:  
 And, like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,  
 But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wasts.

fls.

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light  
Is even as welcome to him as the night:  
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,  
Whiles she lies sweetly slumbring by his side:  
She sleeps, he views her: Thrice his mind was bent  
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent:  
Sometimes his Lips, with a stoln kiss would greet  
He guiltless Lips: (*They say, Stoln Goods are sweet*)  
At length she wakes, and hides her blushing Cheeks,  
In his warm Bosome, where she safely seeks  
For Sanctuary, whereunto should fly  
The guilt of her protected modesty:  
Her smiles, and whispers in her deafned ear;  
(*Whom you can understand, and yet not hear:*)  
He speaks, but she (even whilst his lips were breaking  
Their words) w<sup>th</sup> hers, did stop his lips from speaking.  
W<sup>hen</sup> thrice three Suns had now almost out-worn  
The rare solemnities that did adorn  
These Princely Nuptials, and had made report  
Gro<sup>ss</sup> something sparing in th<sup>e</sup> *Arcadian* Court.  
The Bridegroom whose endeavors were address'd  
To practice what might please his fair Bride best,  
Resolv'd to leave *Kalanders* house, and crown  
*Parthenia* sole Commandress of her own:  
Long was it ere *Kalander's* liberal ear  
Could be unlockt; it had no power to hear  
The word, Farewel: Stil *Argalus* intreated,  
And fram'd excuses; which he soon defeated.  
But as the stout *Aleides* did cashier  
One rising head, another would appear:  
Even so, whilst his ingenuous love did smother  
One cause of parting he would find another.  
*Kalander* thus at last (being over-wrought  
With words, which importunity had taught  
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain  
To yield, what he so long gain said, in vain.  
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must go,  
But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so:  
There is no parting, till the aged fire  
Shall warm his fingers by *Parthenia's* fire.

Now

*Parthenia* sues, *Kalander* must not rest,  
Till he become *Parthenia's* promis'd guest.

To-morrow next, when *Titan's* early ray  
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day:  
And, with his trembling beams, had repossess'd  
The eyes of Mortals, newly rous'd from rest,  
They left *Kalander's* Castle; and that night  
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of Delight*:  
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,  
Well chosen; not capacious, as neat:  
Yet was it large enough to entertain  
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train:  
It seem'd a Center to a Park, well stor'd  
With Deer, whose well-thriven bounty did afford  
Continual pleasure and delight; nay, what  
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not?  
Th' impatient Faulkner here may learn to say  
Forgotten prayers, and bless him every day.  
The patient Angler, here, may tire his with,  
And (if he please) may swear, and yet catch fish.  
The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on,  
And ne'er want sport until his Powder's done:  
And to conclude, there was no stint, no measure  
To th' old man's profit, or the young man's pleasure:  
Thither this night the Nuptial Troop is gone;  
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her own:  
But would you hear what entertainment past?  
Conceive it rather; for my quill would waste  
Th' unthriving stock of my bespoken time,  
While such free bounty cannot stand with rhyme:  
But that which most did season, and imbellish  
Their choicest delights, and gave the truest relish  
To their best mirth, and pleasures; was, to see  
With what a sweet conjugal harmony  
All things were carried: Every word did prove  
To add some acquisition to their love:  
So one they were, that none could justly say,  
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:  
He rul'd, because she would obey; and she,  
Thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:

What pleased him, would need no other cause  
To please her too, but only his applause;  
A happy pair, whose double life, but one;  
Made one life double, and the single, none.

Thus when th'unconstant Lady of the night  
Had chang'd her sharpned horns, for an orb of light:

Kalander (whose occasions grew too strong,  
And may not be dispens'd withal too long)  
Takes leave, and (being equal heavy hearted  
With sad *Parthenia* for his loss) departed:

But *Argalus* (who never yet could own  
Himself with more advantage than alone)

And fair *Parthenia* (whose well-pleas'd desire  
Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)

Need not the help of any to augment  
The better joys of their retir'd content:

Sometimes the curious Garden would invite  
Their gentle paces to her proud delight:

Sometimes the well stor'd Park would change their  
And tender to her view, their light-foot treasure:

Where th'unmolested Herd would seem to stand,  
And crave a death at fair *Parthenia's* hand:

Sometimes her steps would climb th'ambitious Tower,  
From whose aspiring top they might discover

A little commonwealth of Land, which none  
But *Argalus*, durst challenge as his own:

Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read  
Selected stories, whilst her ears would feed

Upon his Lip, and now and then a kiss  
Would interpose like a Parenthesis,

Between their semicircled arms, inclos'd:

(O what dull spirit could be dispos'd  
To read such Lives!) and whilst upon the Book

His eyes were fix'd, her pleas'd eyes would look  
Upon the graceful Reader, and espy

A story far more pleasing, in his eye:

Upon a day as they were closely seated,  
Her ears attending, whilst his Lips repeated

A story, treating the renown'd adventures  
And famous acts of Great *Aleides*, enters

Upon a day as they were closely seated,  
Her ears attending, whilst his Lips repeated

A story, treating the renown'd adventures  
And famous acts of Great *Aleides*, enters

Upon a day as they were closely seated,  
Her ears attending, whilst his Lips repeated

A story, treating the renown'd adventures  
And famous acts of Great *Aleides*, enters

Upon a day as they were closely seated,  
Her ears attending, whilst his Lips repeated

A story, treating the renown'd adventures  
And famous acts of Great *Aleides*, enters

Upon a day as they were closely seated,  
Her ears attending, whilst his Lips repeated

A story, treating the renown'd adventures  
And famous acts of Great *Aleides*, enters

A Messenger, whose countenance did bewray  
 A hast too serious to admit delay ;  
 His hand presents him Letters, which did bring  
 Their sealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King ;  
 Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside :  
 Her thoughts were troubled ; ever as she ey'd  
 The Messenger, her colour comes and goes :  
*Parthenia* fears, and yet *Parthenia* knows  
 Not what to fear : Her jealous heart knows how  
 To fear an evil, because it fears to know :  
 And as he read the Lines, her eye was fixt  
 Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt  
 A thousand thwarting passions : Once he cast  
 His eyes on her, and finding hers so fast  
 On his, he blusht, she blusht, both blusht together ;  
 Because they blusht for what, unknown to either,  
 The Letter being read, (and having kist  
*Basilus* name) he speedily dismiss  
 The Messenger, with promise to obey  
*Basilus* just commands without delay :  
 That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,  
 His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand :  
 And to her greedy eye he straight presents  
 The Paper : Ballac't with its sad contents :  
*Parthenia*, with a fearful slowness took it ;  
 And with a fearful hast did overlook it :  
 Her face being blanch'd with the pallid signs  
 Of what she fear'd to soon, she read these Lines.

*Basilus Rex.*

**W** Hereas the famous and victorious name  
 Of great *Amphialus*, makes the Trump of Fame  
 Breathe nothing but his conquests, and renown :  
 Whose lawless actions fortune strives to crown  
 (In spite of Justice) with a victors merit,  
 Respecting more the greatness of his spirit,  
 Than justness of his cause ; to the dishonor  
 Of Virtue, and all such as wait upon her.  
 And furthermore ; whereas his power is known  
 To oppugn the welfare of our State and Crown.



With strong rebellion, to the high advancement  
 Of his disloyal glory, and inhancement  
 Of his perfidious name, the great encrease  
 Of factions, and disturbance of our peace:  
 Likewise, whereas his high prevailing hand  
 (Against the force whereof, no flesh can stand)  
 Could ne'er be equal'd yet, much less o'ercome:  
 But with loud triumph, still does carry home  
 The spoils of our blest honor, to the same  
 Of his rebellious glory, and our shame:  
 We therefore in our princely care perpending  
 The serious premises, and much depending  
 On your known courage, have selected you  
 To stand our Champion Royal, and renew  
 Our wasted honor, with your Sword and Lance  
 In equal Duel. Thus you shall advance  
 The glorious pitch of your renowned name  
 With the brave purchase of eternal Fame:  
 In this you shall revive our dying glory,  
 And live the subject of this ages story,  
 (Which shall be read till time shall have an end)  
 And bye Basilus your perpetual friend.

To our Right Trusty and Noble

Kinsman *Argalus*

But as she read, her tears did trickle down  
 Upon the Lines, as if they meant to drown  
 Th'unwelcome message, and at length, she said,

Alas me (my *Argalus*) what's this you make

Such haste to answer? did that answer need?

To be returned with so great a speed?

Can you, O can you be so quickly won

To leave your poor *Parthenia*, and be gone?

To whom resolved *Argalus* (whose eye

Was fixt upon his honor, made reply,

My dear *Parthenia*, were it to obtain

The unsun'd wealth of *Pluto*; or to gain

The sovereignty of the Earth without expence

Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence

Of danger, my ambition would despise

The easie conquest of so great a prize.

If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by  
 The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye.  
 But to recal my promise, or forsake  
 That resolution honor bids me make  
 In this behalf, or to betray that trust  
 Repos'd in me, the gods would be unjust,  
 (And not themselves) if they should but command  
 Or urge me, with an over-swaying hand:  
 My dear Parthenia, Let no false suggestion  
 Abuse thy passion; or presume to question  
 My dearest love, though Honor bids us part,  
 Yet honor cannot rob thee of my heart:  
 Honor, that calls me with her loud alarms,  
 Will bring me back with Triumph to thine arms.  
 So said, the sad Parthenia (whose tears  
 Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears  
 To tempt her language: Griefs that are but small  
 Can speak, when great ones cannot vent at all:  
 But tender-hearted Argalus (to whom  
 Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the room:  
 And, with a brest, as full of pensive care,  
 As Honor, gave directions to prepare  
 His warlike Steed, his Martial attire,  
 And all things such employment does require.

And here, O thou, thou great supreme Protectress  
 Of bolder spirits, and the sole directress  
 Of lossy flying quills, which shall drive  
 To after-times, what glorious swords achieve:  
 And mak'st the actions of heroick spirits  
 Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits,  
 illustrious Clio: Aid me and inspire  
 My ragged rhimes, with thy diviner fire:  
 Teach me to raise my stile, and to attain  
 A pitch, that may transcend the vulgar strain:  
 Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing:  
 And let my ink be blood; that I may sing  
 Death to the life: Let him that reads, expound,  
 Each dash, a sword, and every word a wound.

By this, the Champion Royal had put on  
 His martial weeds; but hasting to be gone,

The poor Parthenia, whose cold fit past  
 Like those in Agues) now does burn as fast:  
 She leaves the lonely room, and coming out  
 She finds her Argalus, enclos'd about  
 With glittering Walls of Steel: Apparel'd round  
 In his bright Arms (whom she had rather found  
 Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now  
 But what her Lips could not (poor Soul) allow  
 Without a Sea of Tears, her last farewell,  
 She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell  
 Upon her knees, she clasp't him by the arm,  
 And looking up, she thus began to charm.

My Argalus, my Argalus, my Dear:  
 And wilt thou go and leave Parthenia here?  
 Wilt thou forsake me then? and can these tears  
 Not intercede betwixt thy deafned ears  
 And my sad suit? Canst thou, O canst thou go  
 And leave thy poor distressed Parthenia so?  
 Parthenia sues, Parthenia does implore,  
 Parthenia begs, that never beg'd before:  
 Remember. O remember you are, now,  
 Under the power of a Sacred Vow:  
 Honor must stoop to vows, which once being crackt  
 You cannot do an honorable act:  
 I have a right unto you; you are mine:  
 I have that interest which I'll ne'er resign  
 Till death: I'll never hazard to forego  
 My whole estate of happiness, at one throw:  
 No, no, I will not: I will hold thee fast  
 In spite of Honor, and her nine days blast:  
 Our former acts have given sufficient proof  
 To the wide World, your valor's known enough  
 Without a farther trial; there's enow  
 To loose themselves (less Worthy) besides you:  
 'Twas then a time for arms, when you had none,  
 None other left to venture, but your own:  
 Excuse me then, that only do endeavour  
 To hold mine own. Wilt thou I must or never:  
 Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake  
 No danger, but Parthenia must partake:

Shall your Parthenia be endanger'd then?  
 Parthenia shall be present, even when  
 The strokes fall thickest; and Parthenia shall  
 Suffer what ere to Argalus may befall:  
 Parthenia, in your greatest pain, shall smart;  
 Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart.  
 Can Prayers obtain no place? by this dear hand,  
 The sacred Pledge of our Conjugal Band,  
 By all the pleasures of our dearest Love:  
 By Heaven, and all the Heavenly Powers above:  
 Or if those Motives cannot find a room,  
 Yet by the tender fruit, that in my womb  
 Begins to bud; or if ought else appear  
 To thy best thoughts more precious, or more dear,  
 By that forsake me not, although the rest  
 Prevail not, Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken-hearted Argalus,  
 Wearied, but not overcome, made answer thus:  
 My dear Parthenia: Thy desires never  
 Gain said my will; till now: Do not persevere  
 To crave that boon I cannot grant: Forbear  
 To urge me, Resolution hath no ear  
 Weep not, (my joy) let not those drops of thine,  
 That trickle from so fair an eye, divine  
 A soul success: Cheer up; a smile or two  
 Would make me half a Conqueror, ere I go:  
 Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight  
 The glorious luster of so fair a light:  
 Doubt not my life; the justness of my cause,  
 That brings me on, will quit me with applause:  
 Fear not, that such a Blessing, such a Wife  
 What'er intend'd for so short a life,  
 Expect my safe return; as quick, as glorious;  
 My genius tells me, I shall live victorious.

So said, as if that Passion had forgot  
 Her mother-tongue, her tongue replied not:  
 But, like to one, new stricken with the thunder,  
 She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder:  
 His Lips took leave, and as his Arms surrounded  
 Her feeble Waist, she fainted fell down, and swooned:

But *Argalus* transported with the tide  
 And tyranny of honor, could abide  
 No longer stay; he trusts her to the guard  
 Of her own women: left her and repair'd  
 Into the Camp; wherein, he spent some days,  
 In parley with *Amphialus*; and assays  
 By all perswasive means, to make him yield  
 To just demands, and not to stain the field  
 With needless blood: But finding him unapt  
 For peaceful counsel (being strongly rapt  
 With his own fame) and scorning to afford  
 His ear to any language, but the sword,  
 He could not advise him; and (enforc'd to try  
 A rougher Dialect) wrote him this desie.

Renown'd *Amphialus*,  
 If strong perswasions, backt with reason, could  
 Been honor'd with your ear, your wisdom would,  
 In yielding to so fair a peace, have won  
 As ample glory, as your sword hath done:  
 You should have conquer'd souls, where now at most,  
 You can subdue but bodies, that have lost  
 The power to resist: But since my suit,  
 Sown on so barren soil, can finde no fruit;  
 Receive a mortal challenge from a hand,  
 Whose justice takes a glory to withstand  
 So foul a cause, and labors to subdue  
 Your headless errors, whil'st it honors you:  
 Compose you then, to make a preparation,  
 According to your noble wonted fashion:  
 And think not slight of ne'er so weak an arm,  
 That strikes, when Justice strikes up her alarm.

*Argalus*

No sooner had he read it, but his Pen,  
 With noble speed, return'd these lines agen:

Much more renowned *Argalus*,  
 Your faithful servant, whose victorious brow  
 Was never daunted yet, is daunted now  
 By your brave courtesie, being stricken dumb  
 With your rare worth, and fairly overcome:

Yet doubting not the justness of my cause  
 ( That's over-ruled by the Sacred Laws  
 Of dearest love ) will give my sword the power  
 Even to maintain it, to the latest hour:  
 I shall expect your coming in the Ile,  
 Where, with a heart, (not poison'd with the bile  
 Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood,  
 Your servant shall be ready, to make good  
 His just designs: Assured of no less  
 Than trouble same, if crowned with success:  
 If not, there's no dishonor can accrue  
 In being conquer'd, and overcome by you.

Amphilus.

Soon after Argalus, ( whose blood did boil  
 To be in action ) comes into the Ile,  
 Clad in white Armor, gilt and strangely drest  
 With knots of womans hair, which from his crest  
 Hung dangling down, and with her bounteous trea-  
 O'er-spread his Corset in a libral measure: (sure  
 His curious furniture was fashion'd out,  
 Like to a flying Eagle, round about  
 Beset with Plumes, whose crooked beak (being cast  
 Into a costly Jewel ) was made fast  
 To th'saddle-bow: Her spreading train did cover  
 His Crooper, whilst the Trappers seem to hover  
 Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye  
 As the horse pranc'd, the Eagles seem'd to flie.  
 Upon his arm ( his threatening arm ) he wore  
 A sleeve, all curiously embroidered o'er  
 With bleeding hearts, which fair Parthenia made  
 ( In those cross times, when Fortune so betray'd  
 Their secret love, and with a smiling frown  
 Dash'd their false hopes ) as Copies of her own.  
 Upon his shield (for his device) he set  
 Two neighb'ring Palms, whose budding branches met  
 And twin'd together; the obscure Imprese  
 Imported this: Thus flourishing, as these.  
 His Horse was of a fiery Sorrel, black  
 His Main, his Feet, his Tail: On his proud back

A coal black Lift, his Nostrils open wide,  
 Breath'd War, before his sparkling Eye descri'd  
 An enemy to encounter; up by turns,  
 He lifts his hasty Hoofs, as if he scorns  
 The Earth, or if his tab'ring Feet had found  
 A way to go, and yet ne'er change the ground.

By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while  
 Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,  
 In all respects provided, to afford  
 As bounteous entertainment, as the Sword  
 And Lance could give: and at the Trumpets sound,  
 The Steeds, (that needed not a prick to wound  
 Their bleeding flanks) both start, & with smooth run-  
 Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning, (ning  
 Perform'd their Masters will, with angry speed:  
 But *Argalus* his well instructed Steed  
 Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led  
 By his own pride) prest in his prouder head:  
 The which when stout *Amphialus* espy'd  
 (Well knowing it unsafe to give his side)  
 Prest likewise in, so that both men and horse,  
 Shouldring each other, with a double force,  
 Fell to the ground: But by accusom'd skill,  
 And help of fortunes hand, that succors still  
 Bold spirits, shun'd the danger of the fall,  
 And had (less fear'd then hurt) no harm at all:  
 They rose, drew forth their Swords, which now begun  
 To do what their left staves had left undone.

Have ye beheld a Leaguer? In what sort  
 The deep-mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,  
 And how by peece-meals it doth batter down  
 The yielding Walls of the besieged Town?  
 Even so their Swords (whose oft-repeated blows  
 Could find no patience yet to enterpose  
 A breathing respite) with redoubled strength  
 So hew'd their proofless Armors, that at length  
 Their failing trust began to prove unsound,  
 And peece by peece they dropt upon the ground,  
 Trusting their Bodies to the bare defence  
 Of Vertue, and unarmed Innocence:

Such deadly blows were dealt, and such required,  
 That *Mars* himself stood ravish'd and affrighted  
 To see the cruel combate; every blow  
 Did ast two parts; both struck and guarded too  
 At self same instant. So incomparable  
 Their skilful quickness was, that none was able  
 To say, (although their watchful eyes attended  
 The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended:  
 Long was there their equal skill and force  
 Of arms could shew a better, or a worse:  
 Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd  
 In not prevailing. Never eye beheld  
 More equal odds: No wound as yet could show,  
 A drop of wasted blood, yet every blow  
 Was full of death: *When skilful Gamesters play,*  
*The Christmas Box gains often more than they.*

At length the Sword of *Argalus* (that never  
 Thirsted so long in vain till now; nor ever  
 Made victory doubtful for so long a space)  
 Fastned a wound on the disarmed face  
 Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein  
 Had not his faithful Shield born part, and been  
 An equal sharer, his unequal fo,  
 No doubt, had sum'd his conquest in that blow:  
 With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm  
 Gave sprightly quickness to his wounded Arm,  
 Upheav'd his thirsty Brondyron, and let flie  
 A down-right blow; but with a falsifie  
 Revers't the stroke, and left a gaping wound  
 In his right arm: But *Argalus*, that found  
 A loss of Blood, exchang'd his open play,  
 And for his more advantage closely lay  
 Upon a lower guard; withal expecting  
 A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting:  
 For whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd  
 His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, & proclaim'd  
 Undoubted victory) heap'd his strokes so fast  
 As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last,  
 The watchful *Argalus* (whose nimble eye  
 Dispos'd his time, in only putting by)



red,  
I  
o  
le  
d  
ended:

at home a thrust, (his right foot coming in)  
and pierc'd his Navel, that the wound had been  
no less than death, if *Fortune* that can turn  
mischiefe to advantage had forborn  
to shew a miracle; for with that blow  
*Amphialus* last made, his arm had so  
ver struck it self; that sideward to the ground  
he fell; and falling, he receiv'd that wound  
Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point blank,  
but, falling, only graz'd upon his flank:  
Lying down; brave *Argalus* his threatening Sword  
did yield: *Amphialus* answering not a word.  
Whose mighty spirit did disdain  
A life of alms but striving to regain  
his legs, and honor, *Argalus* let drive,  
With all the strength a wounded arm could give,  
Upon his head; but his hurt arm (not able  
to do him present service, answerable  
to his desires) let his weapon fall:  
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withal)  
arose, but *Argalus* ran in, and graspt  
Being clos'd together, with him, where both claspt  
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly arms of either,  
A while they grapled, grappling fell together,  
And on the ground, with equal fortune strove;  
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,  
And sometimes *Argalus* Both joyntly vow'd  
Revenge: both wallow'd in their mingled blood,  
Both bleeding fresh: Now *Argalus* bid yield:  
And now *Amphialus*: Both would win the field,  
Yet neither could, at last, by free consent,  
They rose: and to their breathed Swords they went:  
The Combat's now renew'd, both laying on,  
As if the fight had been but new begun:  
New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,  
And warm blood entermingles with the cold:  
But *Argalus* (whose wounded arm had lost  
More blood, than all his body could almost  
supply, and like an untorrist, that expends  
So long as he hath either stock, or friends)

aim'd

Bled more than his spent Fountains could make good  
His spirit could give courage, but not blood.

As when two wealthy Clyents, that wax old  
In suit (whose learned Counsel can uphold,  
And gloze the cause alike, on either side)  
During the time their termly golden tide  
Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to say,  
Who prospers best, or who shall get the day,  
But he, whose water first shall cease to flow,  
And ebb so long, till it shall ebb too low,  
His cause, (though richly laden to the brink  
with right) shall strike upon the Bar and sink,  
And then an easie counsel may unfold  
The doubt, the question's ended, with the Gold:  
Even so our Combatants, the whilest their blood  
Was equal spilt, the cause seem'd equal good,  
The victory equal, equal was their arms.  
Their hopes were equal; equal was their harms,  
But when poor *Argalus* his wasting blood  
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood  
A precious flood, in the ungrateful field)  
His cause, his strength, but not his heart must yield:  
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,  
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:  
With that, *Amphialus* (whose noble strife  
Was but to purchase honor, and not life)  
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight  
He gained, and the valor of the Knight,  
Became his suitor, that himself would please  
To pity himself, and let the Combat cease:  
Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd  
In honor to part stakes, with thanks, refus'd:  
(Like to a luckless gamester; who, the more  
He loses, is less willing to give ore)  
And filling up his empty veins with spite,  
Begins to sum his forces, and unite  
His broken strength; and (like a Lamp that makes  
The greatest blaze at going out) he takes  
His sword in both his hands, and at a blow  
Cleaves armor, hield, and arm, almost in two:

But

now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets  
all pitty; and trusting to his Cards he sets  
that stock of courage, treasur'd in his brest,  
taking his whole citate of strength, his rest:  
and views such blows, as *Argalus* could not see  
Without his loss of life: so thundred he  
upon his wounded body, that each wound  
seem'd like and opea Sluce of Blood, that found  
no hand to stop it, till the doleful cry  
of a most beauteous Lady, ( who well might  
had run her self to death ) restrain'd his arm  
( perchance too late ) from doing further harm.

It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that night  
had dream'd, she saw her husband in the plight  
he now had found him: Fear and Love together  
gave her no rest, till they had brought her thither:  
the nature of her fear did now begin  
to expel the fear of Nature; stepping in  
between their pointing swords, she prostrate lay  
before their blood-bedabbed feet, to say  
she knew not what; for as her lips would strive  
to be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive  
that abortive issue of her language forth,  
which, born untimely, perish'd in the birth:  
and if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,  
then a tear would trickle, and prevent it:  
but when the wind of her loud sighs had laid  
the shower of her tears, she sob'd and said:  
wretched eyes of mine! O wailful sight!  
day of darkness! O eternal night!  
and there she stopt: her eyes being fixt upon  
*Amphialus*; she sigh'd, and thus went on.

*My Lords*

As said you love: Then by that sacred power  
of love, as you'd find mercy in the hour  
of greatest misery, leave off. and sheath  
your bloody sword: Or else if nought but death  
may slake your anger, O let mine, let mine  
be a sufficient offering at the Shrine

Of your appeased thoughts, or, if you thirst  
 For Argalus his life, then take mine first:  
 Or, if for noble blood you seek, if so  
 Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,  
 And worth the Spilling: Even for her dear sake,  
 Your tender soul affects, awake, awake  
 Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether:  
 Let me die first; or kill us both together.

With that Amphialus was about to speak,  
 But Argalus (whose heart did almost break  
 To hear Parthenia's words) made this reply.

Parthenia, ah Parthenia, Then must I  
 Be bought and sold for tears? is my condition  
 So poor, I cannot live, but by Petition?  
 So said; He stept aside (for fear, by chance,  
 The fury of some misguided blow may glance  
 And touch Parthenia, and fill'd with high disdain,  
 Would have begun the combat fresh again:

But now Amphialus was charm'd; his hand  
 Had no sufficient warrant to withstand  
 Parthenia's suit, from whose fair eyes there came  
 Such precious tears, in so belov'd a name:  
 His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart  
 Was overcome, his very soul did smart;  
 He stirr'd not, but kept him at a distance:  
 And (putting by some blows) made no resistance,

But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyl,  
 Must out at last, although they blaze a while:  
 Trees wanting sap must wither: Strength and beauty  
 Can claim no privilege to quit that duty  
 They owe to Time and Change; but like a Vine  
 (Th'unsound supporters failing) must decline:  
 Poor Argalus grows faint, and must give ore  
 To strike; his feeble arm can strike no more;  
 And nature's pale fac'd Bailey now distrains  
 His blood, for that small debt which yet remains  
 Unpaid: His arm that cannot use the point,  
 Now lean upon the Pomel; every joynt  
 Disclaims their idle sinews, and his eye  
 Begins to double every object by.

Nothing appears the same it was; the ground,  
And all thereon does seem to dance the round:  
His legs grow faint, and thinking to sit down,  
He mist his Chair, and fell into a swoon.

With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,  
And in with haste, *Amphialus* began  
To loose his Helmet, whil'st her busie Palm  
Tha'd his cold Temples, and (distilling Balm  
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore  
Her Linnen sleeves, and Partlet that she wore,  
To wipe the tear-mixt-blood away, and wrap  
His wounds withal: upon her panting lap  
She laid his live-less head, (and wanting bands  
To bind his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands  
As if it were ordained for that end,  
And therefore made so long) did freely rend  
Her dainty hair, by handfuls from her head:  
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed  
And wet the rags so much, that she was fain  
With sighs and sobs to dry it up again:  
Thus half-distracted with her griefs and fears,  
These words she intermingles with her tears.

*Distress'd Parthenia! Into what estate  
Hath Fortune, and the direful hand of Fate  
Driven thy perplexed soul? O thou, O thou,  
That wert the President of all joys, but now  
Now turn'd th' example of all misery  
For torments, worse than death, to practise by?  
How less than nothing art thou? and how more  
Than miserable? Thou that wert before  
All Ladies of the Earth for happiness  
But very now, (ah me!) now nothing less:  
O angry Heav'n, what hath Parthenia done,  
To be thus plagu'd? or why n't plagu'd alone,  
If guilty? what shall poor Parthenia do?  
To whom shall she complain? alas! or who  
Shall give relief? nay, who can give relief  
To her that hopes for succour from her grief?  
O death! Must we be parted then for ever:  
And never meet again? what, never? never?*

*Will Parthenia now be so unkind,  
 To leave her Argalus, and stay behind?  
 No, no, my dearest Argalus, make room,  
 (There's room enough in Heaven) I come, I come.*

*Who ever saw a dying Coal of fire,  
 Lurk in warm Embers (till some breath inspire)  
 A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,  
 And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:  
 So Argalus, to whom Parthenides breath  
 Giving new life, (a life in spite of death)  
 Recal'd him from his death resembling trance,  
 Wao from a panting Pillow did advance  
 His feeble head, and looking up, he made  
 Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:*

*My dear Parthenia: Now my glass is run,  
 The Tapers tell me, that the Play is done,  
 My dayes are sum'd, Death seizes on my heart;  
 Alas! the time is come, and we must part;  
 Yet by my better hopes grim death doth bring  
 No grief to Argalus, no other sting;  
 But this, that I must leave thee, even before  
 My grateful actions can cross the score  
 Of thy dear merits.*

*But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still  
 Disposes all things by his better will,  
 Depend upon his goodness, and relie  
 Upon his pleasure, not enquiring why,  
 And trust that one day we shall meet, and then  
 Enjoy each other, ne'er to part agen:  
 Mean while live happy: Let Parthenia make  
 No doubt, but blessed Argalus shall partake  
 In all her joyes on Earth, which shall increase  
 His joys in Heaven, and Souls eternal peace:  
 Love well the dear remembrance of thy true  
 And faithful Arg'lus; let no thought renew  
 My last disgrace: Think not the hand of Fate  
 Made me unworthy, though unfortunate.*

*And as he spake that word, his Lips did vent  
 A sigh, whose violence had well nigh rent*

his heart in twain, and when a parting kiss  
 had given him earnest of approaching bliss,  
 he snatch'd his sword into his hand, and cry'd,  
 O Death! Thou art a Conquerour: and dy'd.  
 With that *Parthenia*, whose livelihood was founded  
 upon his life, bow'd down her head fownded;  
 O Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play  
 before it kills, gave Death a longer day,  
 she had *Parthenia* dy'd, since death deprived  
 him of his life, in whose dear life she lived.  
 But ah! *Parthenia's* sorrow was too deep;  
 too too unuly, to be lull'd a sleep  
 by ought but death: She startles from her swoond,  
 and nimbly rising from the loathed ground,  
 kneels down, and lays her trembling hand upon  
 his luke-warme lips, but finding his breath gone,  
 grief playes the tyrant, fierce distraction drives her  
 she knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her  
 of Sense and Language, here and there she goes,  
 not knowing what to do, nor what she does:  
 sometimes her fair misguided hand would tear  
 her beauteous face, sometimes her tressed hair;  
 as if their use could stand her in no stead,  
 since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.  
 But now *Amphiaraus* (that all this space  
 stood like an Idol fastned to his place,  
 Where with a world of tears he did bemoane  
 the deed, that his unlucky hands had done)  
 Well knowing that his words would aggravate,  
 not ease the misery of her woful state,  
 sake not, but caus'd her women that came with her  
 to urge her to the Ferry, where together  
 with her dead *Argalus* sh' embark'd, from whom  
 she would not part. No sooner was she come  
 to t'other shore, but all the Funeral state,  
 Of Military Discipline did wait  
 upon the Corps, whil st troops of trickling eyes  
 fore ran the well perform'd solemnities:  
 The Marshal-Trumpet breath'd her doleful sound,  
 Whil st others trail'd their Ensigns on the ground:

Thus

Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd  
 Upon a Charriot, tim'd, and overlaid  
 With Sables, to his house, a house, than night  
 More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:  
 Where now we leave him to receive the Crown  
 Prepar'd for virtue, and deserv'd renown:  
 Wherenow we leave him to be full possesst  
 Of endless Peace, and everlasting Rest.

But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now?  
 What Oratory can prevail? or how  
 Can Counsel chuse, but blush to undergo  
 So vain a task, and be condemn'd too?  
 May reason move a heart, whose best relief  
 Consists in desp'rate yielding to a grief;  
 Or what advice can relish in her ears,  
 That weeps, and takes a pleasure in her tears?

*Readers, forbear, sorrows that are lamented  
 Are but exulcerated, but augmented:  
 Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing,  
 A desp'rate grief grows stronger by bewailing:  
 Leave her to Time and Fortune: Let your eyes  
 No longer pry into her miseries:  
 True mourners love to be beheld of none,  
 Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.*

But now our Bloodhound *Muse* must draw, & trace  
*Amphialus*, and bring the murderer back  
 To a new Combate: Where, if Fortune please  
 To crown our Tragick Scene, and to appease  
 The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood:  
 Our better relish'd story (making good  
 Your hopeful expectations) shall besiege  
 The tears of our *Parthenia*, and end.

So as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worn  
 The danger of his wounds, and made return  
 Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain  
 His new got honor, and to entertain  
 Aggrieved challengers, that shall demand,  
 Or seek for satisfaction from his hand;  
 An armed Knight came praunsing o'er the Plain,  
 Denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain:



our Dam'sels usher'd him in Sable Woods;  
 and four came after, all on mourning Steeds:  
 his curious Armor was so painted over  
 With lively Shadows, that you might discover  
 The Image of a gaping Sepulcher:  
 About the which, were scattered here, and there  
 Some dead mens bones: His horse was black as Jet.  
 His furniture was round about beset  
 With Branches, sipt from the sad Cypress Tree,  
 His bases (reaching far below the knee)  
 Embroidered ore with worms: Upon his shield,  
 For his Imprese, he had a beauteous Childe,  
 Whose body had two heads, whereof the t'one  
 Appeard quite dead; the t'other (drawing on)  
 Did seem to gasp for breath, and underneath,  
 His Motto was subscrib'd, *From Death, by Death.*  
 Thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold desie  
*Amphialus*, who sent as quick reply.  
 With, being summon'd, by the Trumpet's sound  
 They start; but brave *Amphialus*, that found  
 The Knight had mist his rest, (as yet not met)  
 Morning to take advantage, would not let  
 His Lance descend, nor (bravely passing by)  
 Encounter his befriended enemy.

Whereat the angry Knight (not apt to brook  
 Such unsupportable mishap) forsook  
 His white mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aside,  
 Which too too partial Fortune had deny'd  
 Fair success), drew forth his glittering sword:  
 Thereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd  
 Conquest meerly by advantage gain'd,  
 Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)  
 Drew forth his Sword; and for a little space  
 Their strokes contended with an equal pace,  
 And silence: He herein did more discover  
 Bravery, than anger, whilst the other  
 Sway'd more spleen, than either skill, or strength,  
 To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,  
 With more than wonted ease, did batter so  
 His ill defended Armor, that each blow,

Open'd a door, for death to enter in:  
 And now the noble Conqueror does begin  
 To hate so poor a conquest, and disdain'd  
 To take a life, so easily obtain'd.  
 And mov'd with pitty, (stepping back) he staid  
 His unresisted violence, and said,  
*Str. Knight, contest no more; but take the peace  
 Of your own passion: Let the combats cease,  
 Seek not your causeless ruins; turn your arm  
 (Better employ'd) 'gainst such, as wish you harm;  
 Husband your life, before it be too late;  
 Fall not by him, that ne'r deserv'd your hate.*  
 To whom, the Knight return'd these words again.

*Thou liest, false Traytor, and I here disdain  
 Both words and mercy with a base despise,  
 And to thy throat, my sword shall turn the lie.*  
 To whom *Amphialus: Uncivil Knight,*  
*Courageous in nothing, but in spight,*  
*And base discourtesie, thou soon shalt know  
 Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart, or no.*  
 And as he spake, he gave him such a wound  
 Upon the neck, as struck him to the ground:  
 And, with the fall, his sword (that now deny'd  
 All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side:  
 That done, he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,  
 To make his over lavish tongue repent  
 Of these base words, he had so basely said,  
 Or else, to crop him shorter by the head.

Who ever saw th illustrious eye of Noon  
 (New broken from a gloomy cloud) send down  
 His earth-rejoycing glory, and display  
 His golden beams upon the sons of day:  
 Even so, the Helmet being gone, a fair  
 And costly treasure of unbraided hair  
 O'er spread the shoulders of the vanquish't Knight,  
 Whose now discover'd visage (in despite  
 Of neigh'bring death, did witness and proclaim  
 A sovereign beauty in *Parthenia's* name,  
 And she it was indeed, see how she lies  
 Smiling on Death, as if her blessed eyes

(left in their best desires) had espied  
 a face already, for whose sake she died:  
 the Lillies, and the Roses (that while ere  
 rove in her Cheeks, till they compounded there)  
 have broke their truce, and freshly fall to blows,  
 behold the Lilly hath o'come the Rose:  
 her Alabaſter necks (that did out-go  
 the Doves in whiteness, Or the new falln Snow)  
 was stain'd with blood, as if the red did seek  
 protection there, being banisht from her Cheek!  
 full of sweetnesse, was her dying face,  
 that death had not the power to displace  
 her native beauty, only by translation,  
 moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.  
 But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and shame  
 of this unlucky victory, did claim  
 an equal interest) prostrate on the Earth,  
 scurs'd his sword, his arm, his hour of birth;  
 casting his Helmet, and his Gauntlet by,  
 his undissembled tears did testifie  
 that words could not: But finding her estate  
 more apt for help, than grief (though both too late)  
 hept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,  
 his hands (his often cursed hands) did proffer  
 their needlesse help, and, with his life to show  
 that honor a devored heart could do:  
 thereto *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath  
 gave speedy signs of a desired death)  
 turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eies,  
 upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.  
 Sir, you have done enough, and I require  
 no more: Your hands have done, what I desire,  
 that I expect; and if against your will,  
 the better, so I wish your favors still.  
 I desire no more (if enemies may sue)  
 to live, which is, to be untoucht by you.  
 And as for honor, all that I demand,  
 is not to purchase honor from your hands:  
 No, 'twas no such bargain made; That he  
 whose hands had kill'd my *Argalus*, should help me

Her hands have done enough, I crave no more,  
 And for the deeds sake, I forgive the doer,  
 What then remains? but that I go to rest  
 With Argalus, and so be possess'd  
 Of him, with him for ever to abide,  
 Ever since whose death, I have so often died.  
 And there she fainted (even as if the clock  
 Of death, had given a warning ere it struck)  
 But soon returning to her self again:  
 Welcome sweet death, said she, whose minutes pain  
 Shall crown this soul with everlasting pleasure,  
 Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leisure:  
 Delay me not: O do me not that wrong,  
 My Argalus will chide, I stay so long:  
 O now I feel the Gordian knot: d bands  
 Of life untied: O Heavens! into your hands  
 I recommend my better part, with trust  
 To find you much more merciful, than just;  
 (Yet truly just withal) O life! O death!  
 I call you to a witness, that this breath  
 Ne'er drew a blast of comfort, since that hour  
 My Argalus died: O thou eternal Power,  
 Shroud all my faults beneath the milk white veil  
 Of thy dear mercy and when the tongue shall fail  
 To speak: O then,

And as she spake (O then) O then she left  
 To speak: and being suddenly bereft  
 Of words, the fatal Sister did divide  
 Her slender twine of life, and so she di'd.

So did Parthenia, in whose closed eyes  
 The world of beauty and perfection lies  
 Lockt up by Angels (as a thing divine)  
 From mortal eyes, the whilst her vertues shine  
 In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,  
 Leaving the world no Relick, but the story  
 Of Earth's perfection, for the mouth of Fame  
 To consecrate to her eternal name,  
 Which shall survive, (if Muses can divine)  
 (Though not in these poor monuments of mine)

To th'end of days, and by these looser rhimes,  
 Shall be deliver'd to succeeding times:  
 As long as beauty shall but find a friend,  
 Partheniaes lasting fame shall never end:  
 To be truly vertuous, to be chaste,  
 To shun a sin, Partheniaes name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,  
 This Lamp of Honor, he forsook the Camp,  
 And, like a willing pris'ner was confin'd  
 To the strict limits of a troubled mind:

No Jury need b'impannell'd or agreed  
 Upon the Verdict, none t'attest the deed;  
 None to give sentence in the Judgment-Hall;  
 Himself was Witness, Jury, Judge, and all?  
 Where now we leave him, whilst we turn our eyes  
 Upon Partheniaes women, whose fierce cries  
 Enforce a helpless audience: *It is said,*

*When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.*

One snatcht Partheniaes sword, resolv'd to die

Partheniaes death: Another raving by,  
 strove for the weapon; through which eager strife,  
 They both were hindred, and each sav'd a life.

Others, whom wiser passion had taught how

To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw

Their careless bodies on the Purple floor:

Where, sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore

Their tangled hair, and garments drencht in tears:

And cry'd, as if Partheniaes blessed ears

Could hear the voice of grief, such griefs as would

Return her from her glory, if they could:

Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true passion

Where griefs were clothed in a several rathion,

Sometimes their Sorrow would recal to view

Her vertue, chastnesse, sweetnesse, and renew

Their wasted passions, and oft times they bann'd

Themselves, for'beying her unjust command.

And now by this the mournfull trump of Fame

(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclaim

And spred her doleful tidings, whilst all ears

And eyes were fill'd with death, and sliding tears:

Ty and sorrow mixt with admiration  
 Became the threefold subject of all passion:  
 Grief went her progress through all hearts, and none  
 From the poor Cottage to the Princely Throne  
 Could own a thought, whose best advice could borrow  
 The smallest respite from th'extreams of sorrow.

But all this while, *Basilus* Princely brest,  
 As it commanded, to our griev'd the rest:  
 His share was treble: Hearts of Kings are deep  
 And close; what once they entertain, they keep  
 With violence: the violence of his passion  
 Admits no mean, as yet, no moderation:  
 But soon as grief had done her private rights  
 And dues to Honor: Honor (that delights  
 In publick service, and can make the breath  
 Of Sighs and Sobs to triumph over Death)  
 Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train,  
 And Military pomp to entertain  
 Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread  
 The paths of death: and, with sad triumph lead  
 The slumbering body, to that Bed of rest,  
 Where nothing can disquiet, or molest  
 Her sacred ashes: there intomb'd, lay  
 The valiant *Argalus*: and there, they say,  
 Ere since that time, th'*Arcadian* once a year,  
 Visit the ruines of their Sepulchre;  
 And in memorial of their faithful loves,  
 There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves,  
 They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame  
 Of *Argalus* and his *Parthenias* name.

nos ego vericulos.

Like to the *Damask* Rose you see,  
 Or like the Blossom on a Tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower of May,  
 Or like the Morning to the Day,  
 Or like the Sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the Ground that *Jonas* had,  
 Even such is man whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

*Regulus and Parthenia.*

The Rose withers, the blossom blisseth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;  
The Sun sets, the Shadow flies,  
The Gourd consumes, and Man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delights,  
Or like a morning clear and bright,  
Or like a Frost, or like a shower,  
Or like the pride of Babels Tower,  
Or like the hour that guides the time,  
Or like to beauty in her prime:

Even such is Man, whose glory lends  
His life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vanish, the morn's er-casteth,  
The Frost breaks, the shower hasteth,  
The Tower falls, the hour spends,  
The beauty fades, and man's life ends.

Fr. Quarles.

The Author's Dream.

I

MY sins are like the hairs upon my head,  
And raise their Audit to as high a score;  
In this they differ: These do daily shed;  
But ah! my sins grow daily more and more.  
If by my hairs thou number out my sins;  
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.

2

My sins are like the sands upon the shore,  
Which every ebb lays open to the eye;  
In this they differ: These are cover'd o're  
With every tide; my sins still open lye.  
If thou wilt make my head a Sea of tears,  
O they will hide the sins of all my years.

M. A.

*My sins are like the Stars within the skies,  
In view, in number even as bright, as great :  
In this they differ: Those do set and rise ;  
But ah! my sins do rise, but never set.*

*Shine Sun of glory, and my sins are gone  
Like twinkling Stars, before the rising Sun.*

Fr. Quarles

---

FINIS.

---





bk i

urlea